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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS HOOD.

WITH SOME
ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

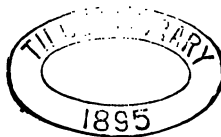
VOL. V.



BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.
1866.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massa-
chusetts.

UNIVERSITY PRESS:
WELCH, BIGELOW, AND COMPANY,
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TO HOPE.

O, TAKE, young seraph, take thy harp,
And play to me so cheerily ;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily.
O, take thy harp !
O, sing as thou wert wont to do,
When, all youth's sunny season long,
I sat and listen'd to thy song,
And yet 't was ever, ever new,
With magic in its heaven-tuned string, —
The future bliss thy constant theme.
O, then each little woe took wing
Away, like phantoms of a dream ;
As if each sound
That flutter'd round
Had floated over Lethe's stream !

By all those bright and happy hours
We spent in life's sweet eastern bowers,
Where thou wouldst sit and smile, and show,
Ere buds were come, where flowers would grow,
And oft anticipate the rise
Of life's warm sun that scaled the skies ;

By many a story of love and glory,
And friendships promised oft to me ;
By all the faith I lent to thee, —
O, take, young seraph, take thy harp,
And play to me so cheerily ;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily.
O, take thy harp !

Perchance the strings will sound less clear,
That long have lain neglected by
In sorrow's misty atmosphere ;
It ne'er may speak as it has spoken
Such joyous notes so brisk and high ;
But are its golden chords all broken ?
Are there not some, though weak and low,
To play a lullaby to woe ?
But thou canst sing of love no more,
For Celia showed that dream was vain ;
And many a fancied bliss is o'er,
That comes not e'en in dreams again.
Alas ! alas !
How pleasures pass,
And leave thee now no subject, save
The peace and bliss beyond the grave !

Then be thy flight among the skies :
Take, then, oh ! take the skylark's wing,
And leave dull earth, and heavenward rise
O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing
On skylark's wing !

Another life-spring there adorns
Another youth, without the dread
Of cruel care, whose crown of thorns
Is here for manhood's aching head.
O, there are realms of welcome day,
A world where tears are wiped away !
Then be thy flight among the skies :
Take, then, oh ! take the skylark's wing,
And leave dull earth, and heavenward rise
O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing
On skylark's wing

July, 1821.

TO CELIA.

OLD fictions say that Love hath eyes,
Yet sees, unhappy boy ! with none ;
Blind as the night ! But fiction lies,
For Love doth always see with one.

To one our graces all unveil,
To one our flaws are all exposed ;
But when with tenderness we hail,
He smiles, and keeps the critic closed.

But when he's scorned, abused, estranged.
He opes the eye of evil ken,
And all his angel friends are changed
To demons, — and are hated then !

Yet once it happ'd, that, semi-blind,
He met thee on a summer day,
And took thee for his mother kind,
And frowned as he was pushed away.

But still he saw thee shine the same,
Though he had oped his evil eye,
And found that nothing but her shame,
Was left to know his mother by!

And ever since that morning sun
He thinks of thee; and blesses Fate
That he can look with both on one
Who hath no ugliness to hate.

OLD BALLAD.

Air. — "There was a King in the North Countree.

THERE was a Fairy lived in a well,
And she pronounced a magical spell;
"Whoever looks in this wave," she said,
"Shall see the lady that he's to wed!"

A King came by with his hunting-spear
And stooped to look in the waters clear;
He laid by the brim his signet of gold,
And gave his Brother his crown to hold.

But while he knelt and was looking down,
His Brother stood and tried on the crown ;
The pearls were bright, and the rubies brave,
So he tumbled his Brother into the wave.

“ O Brother, O Brother, you ’ve got my ring
And the lawful crown that made me king ;
But your heart shall fail, and your hand shall
quake,
And the head that wears my jewels shall ache ! ”

The murderer stood and looked from the brink,
“ The sun is so hot, I should like to drink ! ”
But lo ! as he stooped with a silver cup,
His head went down, and his heels flew up !

“ O Brother ! O Brother ! — I ’ve got your crown,
But the weight of the jewels has pulled me down,
You shall be crowned in the skies again, —
But I shall be marked on the brow like Cain ! ”

Down he sank in the dismal wave,
As cold as death, and dark as the grave ;
But when he came to the stones at last,
The Fairy caught him, and held him fast.

She took him into her crystal hall,
And there he saw his face in the wall ;
She looked rosy, but he looked white,
And all the tapers were burning bright.

The King leaped down from his Fairy throne,
With eyes that brighter than diamonds shone ;
His left hand balanced a golden globe,
But his right hand lifted his purple robe.

“ O Brother ! O Brother ! bend down your knee,
But kneel to Heaven, and not to me,
For God may frown on your grievous sin, —
But I ’m too happy you pushed me in.

“ Come hither, come hither, you ’re welcome now,
To my crown of gold that decks your brow ;
There ’s smiles worth heaven on my true love’s
face,
And she has made me King of this place ! ”

L I N E S ,

SUGGESTED BY A BUNCH OF ENGLISH GRAPES.

WE did not wear a leafy crown,
And darkly glance to darker glance,
Under the green leaf and the brown,
Wooing the eyes of maids of France,
With very bloomy down :
We stained not hands with purple blood
In golden Arno’s pleasant vale,
Where the proud Brothers quenched the stain,

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

7

And saw two murderers in the flood
With faces guilty-pale :
Nor on the sunny hills of Spain
We used to drink the sun and twine
Long amorous tendrils to entrap
The careless finger of maid to linger
And pluck us from the trembling vine
To brim her dimpled lap.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

Good morrow to the golden morning,
Good morrow to the world's delight, —
I've come to bless thy life's beginning,
Since it makes my own so bright !

I have brought no roses, sweetest,
I could find no flowers, dear, —
It was when all sweets were over
Thou wert born to bless the year.

But I've brought thee jewels, dearest,
In thy bonny locks to shine, —
And if love shows in their glances,
They have learned that look of mine !

FAREWELL.

"FAREWELL, — Farewell," — it is an awful word
When that the quick do speak it to the dead ;
For though 't is brief upon the speaker's lips,
'T is more than death can answer to, and hath
No living echo on the living ear.

'T is awful to behold the midnight stars,
They say do rule the destinies of men,
Gazing upon us from that point of space,
Where they were set even from their lustrous birth,
With a most sure foreknowledge of our doom
Watching its consummation.

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

"WHO WILL SERVE THE KING?"

AN ILLUSTRATION.

WHAT little urchin is there never
Hath had that early scarlet fever,
Of martial trappings caught?
Trappings well called, — because they trap
And catch full many a country chap
To go where fields are fought!

What little urchin with a rag
Hath never made a little flag,
 (Our plate will show the manner,)
And wooed each tiny neighbor still,
Tommy or Harry, Dick or Will,
 To come beneath the banner

Just like that ancient shape of mist
In Hamlet, crying "'List, O 'list!"
 Come, who will serve the king,
And strike frog-eating Frenchmen dead
And cut off Boneyparty's head? —
 And all that sort of thing.

So used I, when I was a boy,
To march with military toy,
 And ape the soldier-life;
And with a whistle or a hum,
I thought myself a Duke of Drum
 At least, or Earl of Fife.

With gun of tin and sword of lath,
Lord! how I walk'd in glory's path
 With regimental mates,
By sound of trump and rub-a-dubs,
To 'siege the washhouse — charge the tubs
Or storm the garden-gates!

Ah me! my retrospective soul!
As over memory's muster-roll

I cast my eyes anew,
My former comrades all the while
Rise up before me, rank and file,
And form in dim review.

Ay, there they stand, and dress in line,
Lubbock, and Fenn, and David Vine,
And dark "Jamakey Forde!"
And limping Wood, and "Cocky Hawes,"
Our captain always made, because
He had a real sword!

Long Lawrence, Natty Smart, and Soame,
Who said he had a gun at home,
But that was all a brag;
Ned Ryder, too, that used to sham
A prancing horse, and big Sam Lamb
That *would* hold up the flag!

Tom Anderson, and "Dunny White,"
Who never right-abouted right,
For he was deaf and dumb;
Jack Pike, Jem Crack, and Sandy Gray,
And Dicky Bird, that would n't play
Unless he had the drum.

And Peter Holt, and Charley Jepp,
A chap that never kept the step,—
No more did "Surly Hugh";
Bob Harrington, and "Fighting Jim,"—

We often had to halt for him
To let him tie his shoe.

"Quarrelsome Scott," and Martin Dick,
That killed the bantam cock, to stick
The plumes within his hat;
Bill Hook, and little Tommy Grout
That got so thumped for calling out
"Eyes right!" to "Squinting Matt."

Dan Simpson, that, with Peter Dodd,
Was always in the awkward squad,
And those two greedy Blakes,
That took our money to the fair
To buy the corps a trumpet there,
And laid it out in cakes.

Where are they now? — an open war
With open mouth declaring for? —
Or fall'n in bloody fray?
Compelled to tell the truth I am,
Their fights all ended with the sham, —
Their soldiership in play.

Brave Soame sends cheeses out in trucks,
And Martin sells the cock he plucks,
And Jepp now deals in wine;
Harrington bears a lawyer's bag,
And warlike Lamb retains his flag,
But on a tavern sign.

They tell me Cocky Hawes's sword
Is seen upon a broker's board ;
And as for " Fighting Jim,"
In Bishopsgate, last Whitsuntide,
His unresisting cheek I spied
Beneath a quaker brim !

Quarrelsome Scott is in the church,
For Ryder now your eye must search
The marts of silk and lace, —
Bird's drums are fill'd with figs, and mute.
And I — I've got a substitute
To soldier in my place !

SONG . *

THERE is dew for the flow'ret,
And honey for the bee,
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me.

There are tears for the many,
And pleasure for the few ;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you.

* The first two verses of this poem were written by Hood ;
at his wife's request, the last two were added by Barry Corn-
wall, with a view to its being published with music.

There is care that will not leave us,
And pain that will not flee;
But on our hearth, unaltered,
Sits Love — 'tween you and me.

Our love, it ne'er was reckoned,
Yet good it is and true, —
It's *half* the world to me, dear,
It's *all* the world to you.

ADDRESS TO MR. CROSS, OF EXETER
'CHANGE.

ON THE DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT.

" 'T is *Greece* — but living *Greece* no more." — *Giaour*.

O MR. Cross!
Permit a sorry stranger to draw near
And shed a tear
(I've shed my shilling) for thy recent loss!
I've been a visitor
Of old, a sort of a Buffon inquisitor,
Of thy Menagerie, and knew the beast
That is deceased.
I was the Damon of the gentle giant,
And oft have been,
Like Mr. Kean,

Tenderly fondled by his trunk compliant ;
Whenever I approached, the kindly brute
Flapped his prodigious ears and bent his knees,—

It makes me freeze

To think of it. No chums could better suit,
Exchanging grateful looks for grateful fruit,
For so our former dearness was begun,—
I bribed him with an apple, and beguiled
The beast of his affection like a child ;
And well he loved me till his life was done

(Except when he was wild).

It makes me blush for human friends,— but none
I have so truly kept or cheaply won.

Here is his pen ! —

The casket, — but the jewel is away ;
The den is rifled of its denizen, —

Ah, well-a-day !

This fresh free air breathes nothing of his gross-
ness,

And sets me sighing even for its closeness.

This light one-story

Where, like a cloud, I used to feast my eyes on
The grandeur of his Titan-like horizon,
Tells a dark tale of its departed glory ; —
The very beasts lament the change like me.

The shaggy Bison

Leaneth his head dejected on his knee ;
Th' Hyena's laugh is hushed ; the Monkeys pout ;
The Wild Cat frets in a complaining whine ;

The Panther paces restlessly about,
 To walk her sorrow out;
 The Lions in a deeper bass repine;
 The Kangaroo wrings its sorry short fore paws;
 Shrieks come from the Macaws;
 The old bald Vulture shakes his naked head,
 And pineth for the dead;
 The Boa writhes into a double knot;
 The keeper groans
 While sawing bones,
 And looks askance at the deserted spot,—
 Brutal and rational lament his loss,
 The flower of thy beastly family;
 Poor Mrs. Cross
 Sheds frequent tears into her daily tea,
 And weakens her Bohea.

O Mr. Cross, how little it gives birth
 To grief, when human greatness goes to earth;
 How few lament for Czars, —
 But, O, the universal heart o'erflowed
 At his "high mass,"
 Lighted by gas,
 When like Mark Anthony the keeper showed
 The elephantine scars.
 Reporters' eyes
 Were of an egg-like size;
 Men that had never wept for murdered Marrs,*

* The Marr family murdered by Williams. See De Quincy's "Murder as a Fine Art."

Hard-hearted editors with iron faces,
 Their sluices all unclosed, —
 And discomposed
 Compositors went fretting to their cases,
 That grief has left its traces :
 The poor old Beef-eater has gone much grayer
 With sheer regret,
 And the Gazette
 Seems the least trouble of the beasts' Purveyor.

And I too weep ! a dozen of great men
 I could have spared without a single tear ;
 But then,
 They are renewable from year to year.
 Fresh gents would rise, though Gent resigned the
 pen :

I should not wholly
 Despair for six months of another C****,
 Nor, though F***** lay on his small bier,
 Be melancholy.

But when will such an elephant appear ?
 Though Penley were destroyed at Drury Lane,
 His like might come again ;
 Fate might supply

A second Powell if the first should die ;
 Another Bennet if the sire were snatched ;
 Barnes — might be matched ;
 And Time fill up the gap

Were Parsloe laid upon the green earth's lap ;
 Even Claremont might be equalled, — I could hope

(All human greatness is, alas, so puny!)
For other Egertons — another Pope,
But not another Chunee!

Well! he is dead!
And there's a gap in Nature of eleven
Feet high by seven —
Five living tons! — and I remain — nine stone
Of skin and bone!
It is enough to make me shake my head
And dream of the grave's brink —
'Tis worse to think
How like the Beast's the sorry life *I've* led! —
A sort of show
Of my poor public self and my sagacity,
To profit the rapacity
Of certain folks in Paternoster Row,
A slavish toil to win an upper story —
And a hard glory
Of wooden beams about a weary brow!
Oh, Mr. C.!
If ever you behold me twirl my pen
To earn a public supper, that is, eat
In the bare street,
Or turn about their literary den —
Shoot *me*!

ELEGY ON DAVID LAING, ESQ.*

BLACKSMITH AND JOINER (WITHOUT LICENSE)
AT GRETNA GREEN.

AH me! what causes such complaining breath,
Such female moans, and flooding tears to flow?
It is to chide with stern, remorseless Death,
For laying Laing low!
From Prospect House there comes a sound of
 woe, —
A shrill and persevering loud lament,
Echoed by Mrs. J.'s Establishment
 " For Six Young Ladies
In a retired and healthy part of Kent."
All weeping, Mr. L—— gone down to Hades!
Thoughtful of grates, and convents, and the veil!
Surrey takes up the tale,
And all the nineteen scholars of Miss Jones,
With the two parlor-boarders and th' apprentice —
So universal this mistimed event is —
 Are joining sobs and groans!
The shock confounds all hymeneal planners,

* On the third instant died in Springfield, near Gretna Green, David Laing, aged seventy-two, who had for thirty-five years officiated as high-priest at Gretna Green. He caught cold on his way to Lancaster, to give evidence on the trial of the Wakefields, from the effects of which he never recovered. — *Newspapers*, July, 1827.

And drives the sweetest from their sweet behaviors :
The girls at Manor House forget their manners,
And utter sighs like paviers !
Down — down through Devon and the distant shires
Travels the news of Death's remorseless crime ;
And in all hearts, at once, all hope expires
Of *matches* against time !

Along the northern route
The road is watered by postilion's eyes ;
The top-boot paces pensively about,
And yellow jackets are all strain'd with sighs ;
There is a sound of grieving at the Ship,
And sorry hands are wringing at the Bell,
In aid of David's knell.
The postboy's heart is cracking — not his whip ! —
To gaze upon those useless empty collars
His wayworn horses seem so glad to slip —
And think upon the dollars
That used to urge his gallop — quicker ! quicker !
All hope is fled
For Laing is dead —
Vicar of Wakefield — Edward Gibbon's vicar !

The barristers shed tears —
Enough to feed a snipe (snipes live on suction)
To think in after years
No suits will come of Gretna Green abduction,

Nor knaves inveigle
Young heiresses in marriage scrapes or legal ;
The dull reporters
Look truly sad and seriously solemn,
To lose the future column
On Hymen Smithy and its fond resorters ! —
But grave Miss Daulby and the teaching brood
Rejoice at quenching the clandestine flambeau,
That never real beau of flesh and blood
Will henceforth lure young ladies from their
Chambaud.

Sleep — David Laing ! — Sleep
In peace, though angry governesses spurn thee !
Over thy grave a thousand maidens weep,
And honest postboys mourn thee !
Sleep, David ! safely and serenely sleep,
Bewept of many a learned legal eye ! —
To see the mould above thee in a heap
Drowns many a lid that heretofore was dry ! —
Especially of those that, plunging deep
In love, would “ ride and tie ! ” —
Had I command, thou shouldst have gone thy
ways
In chaise and pair — and lain in Père la Chaise !

STANZAS TO TOM WOODGATE,

OF HASTINGS.

TOM! — are you still within this land
Of livers — still on Hastings' sand,
Or roaming on the waves?
Or has some billow o'er you rolled,
Jealous that earth should lap so bold
A seaman in her graves?

On land the rush-light lives of men
Go out but slowly ; nine in ten,
By tedious long decline, —
Not so the jolly sailor sinks,
Who founders in the wave, and drinks
The apoplectic brine !

Ay, while I write, mayhap your head
Is sleeping on an oyster-bed —
I hope 't is far from truth ! —
With periwinkle eyes ; — your bone
Beset with mussels, not your own,
And corals at your tooth !

Still does the Chance pursue the chance
The main affords, — the Aidant dance
In safety on the tide ?
Still flies that sign of my good-will

A little *bunting* thing, — but still
To thee a flag of pride?

Does that hard, honest hand now clasp
The tiller in its careful grasp, —
With every summer breeze
When ladies sail, in lady-fear, —
Or, tug the oar, a gondolier
On smooth Macadam seas?

Or are you where the flounders keep,
Some dozen briny fathoms deep,
Where sand and shells abound, —
With some old Triton on your chest,
And twelve grave mermen for a 'quest,
To find that you are — drowned?

Swift is the wave, and apt to bring
A sudden doom, — perchance I sing
A mere funereal strain;
You have endured the utter strife —
And are — the same in death or life,
A good man "in the main"!

O, no — I hope the old brown eye
Still watches ebb, and flood, and sky;
That still the old brown shoes
Are sucking brine up, — pumps indeed!
Your tooth still full of ocean weed,
Or Indian — which you choose.

I like you, Tom ! and in these lays
Give honest worth its honest praise,
 No puff at honor's cost ;
For though you met these words of mine,
All letter-learning was a line
 You, somehow, never crossed !

Mayhap we ne'er shall meet again,
Except on that Pacific main,
 Beyond this planet's brink ;
Yet as we erst have braved the weather,
Still may we float awhile together,
 As comrades on this ink !

Many a scudding gale we've had
Together, and, my gallant lad,
 Some perils we have passed ;
When huge and black the wave careered,
And oft the giant surge appeared
 The master of our mast : —

'T was thy example taught me how
To climb the billow's hoary brow,
 Or cleave the raging heap —
To bound along the ocean wild,
With danger only as a child,
 The waters rocked to sleep.

O, who can tell that brave delight,
To see the hissing wave in might,

Come rampant like a snake !
To leap his horrid crest, and feast
One's eyes upon the briny beast,
Left couchant in the wake !

The simple shepherd's love is still
To bask upon a sunny hill,
The herdsman roams the vale —
With both their fancies I agree ;
Be mine the swelling, scooping sea,
That is both hill and dale !

I yearn for that brisk spray, — I yearn
To feel the wave from stem to stern
Uplift the plunging keel ;
That merry step we used to dance
On board the *Aidant* or the *Chance*,
The ocean "toe and heel."

I long to feel the steady gale
That fills the broad distended sail —
The seas on either hand !
My thought, like any hollow shell,
Keeps mocking at my ear the swell
Of waves against the land.

It is no fable — that old strain
Of sirens ! — so the witching main
Is singing — and I sigh !
My heart is all at once inclined

To seaward — and I seem to find
The waters in my eye !

Methinks I see the shining beach ;
The merry waves, each after each,
Rebounding o'er the flints ;
I spy the grim preventive spy !
The jolly boatmen standing nigh !
The maids in morning chintz !

And there they float — the sailing craft !
The sail is up — the wind abaft —
The ballast trim and neat.
Alas ! 't is all a dream — a lie !
A printer's imp is standing by,
To haul my mizzen sheet !

My tiller dwindles to a pen —
My craft is that of bookish men —
My sale — let Longman tell !
Adieu, the wave, the wind, the spray !
Men — maidens — chintzes — fade away !
Tom Woodgate, fare thee well !

ODE TO THE LATE LORD MAYOR,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS "VISIT TO OXFORD."*

"Now, Night descending, the proud scene is o'er,
But lives in Bettle's numbers one day more."

FORM—*On the Lord Mayor's Show.*

O WORTHY MAYOR!—I mean to say Ex-Mayor!
Chief Luddite of the ancient town of Lud!
Incumbent of the City's easy chair!—
Conservator of Thames from mud to mud!
Great river-bank director!
And dam-inspector!
Great guardian of small sprats that swim the flood!
Lord of the scarlet gown and furry cap!
King of Mogg's map!
Keeper of Gates that long have "gone their gait"!
Warder of London stone and London log!
Thou first and greatest of the civic great,
Magog or Gog!—

O Honorable Ven ——
(Forgive this little liberty between us),
Augusta's first Augustus!—Friend of men
Who wield the pen!
Dillon's Mæcenas!

* See the published work of the Rev. Mr. Dillon, the Lord Mayor's Chaplain, who, in his zealous endeavor to stamp immortality upon the civic expedition to Oxford, has outrun every production in the annals of burlesque, even the long renowned "Voyage from Paris to St. Cloud."

Patron of learning where she ne'er did dwell,
 Where literature seldom finds abettors,
 Where few — except the postman and his bell —

Encourage the *bell-lettres* ! —

Well hast thou done, Right Honorable Sir —
 Seeing that years are such devouring ogresses,
 And thou hast made some little journeying stir, —
 To get a Nichols to record thy Progresses !

Wordsworth once wrote a trifle of the sort ;

But for diversion,

For truth — for nature — everything in short —
 I own I do prefer thy own "Excursion."

The stately story

Of Oxford glory —

The Thames romance — yet nothing of a fiction —
 Like thine own stream it flows along the page, —

"Strong, without rage,"

In diction worthy of thy jurisdiction !

To future ages thou wilt seem to be

A second Parry ;

For thou didst carry

Thy navigation to a fellow crisis.

He penetrated to a Frozen Sea,

And thou — to where the Thames is turned to

Isis ! *

* The Chaplain doubts the correctness of the Thames being *turned into* the Isis at Oxford : of course he is right, — according to the course of the river, it must be the Isis that is turned into the Thames.

I like thy setting out!
 Thy coachman and thy coachmaid boxed together! *
 I like thy Jarvey's serious face — in doubt
 Of "four fine animals" — no Cobbetts either! †
 I like the slow state pace — the pace allowed
 The best for dignity ‡ — and for a crowd,
 And very July weather,
 So hot that it let off the Hounslow powder! §
 I like the She-Mayor's proffer of a seat
 To poor Miss Magnay, fried to a white heat; ||
 'Tis well it didn't chance to be Miss *Crowder*!

I like the steeples with their weathercocks on,
 Discerned about the hour of three, P. M.;

* "As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat, dressed with becoming neatness, at the side of the well-looking coachman, the carriage drove away."
 — *Visit*.

† "The coachman's countenance was reserved and thoughtful, indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried." — *Ibid*.

‡ "The carriage drove away; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders; but at that steady and majestic pace, which is always an indication of real greatness."

§ "On approaching Hounslow, there was seen at some distance a huge volume of dark smoke." The Chaplain thought it was only a blowing up for rain, but it turned out to be the spontaneous combustion of a powder-mill.

|| "The Lady Mayoress, observing that they (the Magnays) must be somewhat crowded in the chaise, invited Miss Magnay to take the fourth seat."

I like thy party's entrance into Oxon,
 For oxen soon to enter into *them* !
 I like the ensuing banquet better far,
 Although an act of cruelty began it ; —
 For why — before the dinner at the *Star* —
 Why was the poor Town-clerk sent off to *plan* it ?

I like your learned rambles not amiss,
 Especially at Bodley's, where ye tarried
 The longest — doubtless because Atkins carried
 Letters (of course from Ignorance) to Bliss ! *
 The other Halls were scrambled through more
 hastily ;
 But I like this —

I like the Aldermen who stopped to drink
 Of Maudlin's " classic water " very tastily, †
 Although I think — what I am loth to think —
 Except to Dillon, it has proved no Castaly !

I like to find thee finally afloat ;
 I like thy being barged and water-bailiffed,
 Who gave thee *a* lift
 To thy state-galley in his own state-boat.
 I like thy small sixpennyworths of largess
 Thrown to the urchins at the City's charges ;

* " The Rev. Dr. Bliss, of St. John's College, the Registrar of the University, to whom Mr. Alderman Atkins had letters of introduction." — P. 32.

† " The Buttery was next visited, in which some of the party tasted the classic water." — P. 57.

I like the sun upon thy breezy fanners,
 Ten splendid scarlet silken stately banners!
 Thy gilded bark shines out quite transcendental!
 I like dear Dillon still,
 Who quotes from "Cooper's Hill,"
 And Birch, the cookly Birch, grown sentimental;*
 I like to note his civic mind expanding
 And quoting Denham, in the watery dock
 Of Ifley lock,—
 Plainly no Lock upon the Understanding!

I like thy civic deed
 At Runnymede,
 Where ancient Britons came in arms to barter
 Their lives for right—Ah, did not Waithman grow
 Half mad to show
 Where his renowned forefathers came to bleed—
 And freeborn *Magnay* triumph at his *Charter*?
 I like full well thy ceremonious setting
 The justice-sword (no doubt it wanted whetting!)
 On London Stone; but I don't like the waving
 Thy banner over it,† for I must own
 Flag over stone
 Reads like a most superfluous piece of paving!

* "Mr. Alderman Birch here called to the recollection of the party the beautiful lines of Sir John Denham on the river Thames:—'Tho' deep yet clear,' etc."

† "It was also a part of the ceremony, which, though important, is simple, that the City banner should wave over the stone."

I like thy Cliefden treat ; but I'm not going
 To run the civic story through and through,
 But leave thy barge to Pater Noster row-ing
 My plaudit to renew.

Well hast thou done, Right Honorable rover,
 To leave this lasting record of thy reign,
 A reign, alas ! that very soon is "over
 And gone," according to the Rydal strain !

'Tis piteous how a mayor
 Slips through his chair.

I say it with a meaning reverential,
 But let him be rich, lordly, wise, sentential,
 Still he must seem a thing inconsequential, —
 A melancholy truth one cannot smother ;

For why ? 'tis very clear
 He comes in at one *year*,
 To go out by the other !

This is their Lordships' universal order ! —
 But thou shalt teach them to preserve a name, —
 Make future Chaplains chroniclers of fame !
 And every Lord Mayor his own Recorder !

ODE TO THOMAS BISH, ESQ.

"The oyster-woman locked her fish up,
And trudged away to cry no Bish—" — HUDIBRAS.

MY BISH, since fickle Fortune's dead,
Where throbs thy speculating head
That hatched such matchless stories
Of gaining, like Napoleon, all
Success on every capital,
And thirty thousand glories?

Dost thou now sit, when evening comes,
Wrapt in its cold and wintry glooms,
And dream o'er faded pleasures?
See numbers rise and numbers fall,
Hear Lottery's last funereal call
O'er all her vanished treasures?

Thy head, distract 'twixt weal and woe,
Feels the *last* Lottery like a blow
From malice — aimed at thee;
No prizes pass in decent rank,
Nothing is left thee but a blank,
And worthy Mrs. B.

Perchance at times thy wits may strive
With cards to keep the game alive,
And mock the old arena,
By fighting Fortune at *Ecarté*

'Thou Charing Cross's Bonaparté
In Little St. Helena.

Thou'rt out of luck, — for to thy share,
Not as of old, falls blank despair ;
The thought oft gives the vapors.
In some "cursed cottage of content"
Thy baffled hopeless hours are spent
Spelling the daily papers.

No more thy name in column stares
On the lured reader unawares ;
The voice of Fame is o'er !
No more it breathes thee into print ;
What is Fame's breath ? There's nothing in 't —
The merest puff, — no more !

The puff to others now belongs,
The Wrights have risen upon thy wrongs,
Rowlands to Hunts recoil !
The wheel of Fortune, now forlorn,
Turns but to grind the roasted corn,
Greased with Macassar oil.

Election chances seemed a vent
For thy desires, — but Parliament
Is not so easy won.
Numbers were once to thee a treat,
But now by numbers thou wert beat,
And Rowland Stephenson.

At Drury, too, the chance was thine ;
 But thou shalt in past glory shine,
 Not as the uncertain actor ;
 Not as the man that opens wide
 The floodgate for the public tide,
 But as the Great Contractor.

And when — but Heaven protract the day —
 The time is come for Life's decay,
 Prolonged shall be thy joys.
 A favorite wheel shall carry thee,
 And like thy darling Lottery,
 Be drawn by Blue-coat boys.

A tumulus shall cover thee
 And thine. A barrow it will be,
 Sacred to thy one wheel.
 And genuine tears, my Bish, from eyes
 Of those who never got a prize,
 At morn and eve shall steal.

O D E .

"I'll give him dash for dash."

JERDAN farewell ! farewell to all
 Whoever praised me, great or small ;
 Your poet's course is run !

A weekly- no, an every-day
Reviewer takes my fame away,
And I am all undone !

I cannot live an author long !
When I did write, O I did wrong
To aim at being great ;
A Diamond Poet in a pin
May twinkle on in peace, and win
No diamond critic's hate !

No small inditer of reviews
Will analyze his tiny muse,
Or lay his sonnets waste ;
Who strives to prove that Richardson,
That calls himself a diamond one,
Is but a bard of paste ?

The smallest bird that wings the sky
May tempt some sparrow-shot, and die ;
But midges still go free !
The peace that shuns my board and bed
May settle on a lowlier head,
And dwell, " St. John, with thee ! "

I aimed at higher growth ; and now
My leaves are withered on the bough,
I 'm choked by bitter shrubs !
O Mr. F. C. W. !
What can I christen thy review
But one of " Wormwood Scrubs ? "

The very man that sought me once —
 (Can I so soon be grown a dunce ?)
He now derides my verse ;
 But who, save me, will fret to find
 The editor has changed his mind, —
 He can't have got a worse.

ODE TO EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, Esq.

O, Mr. Gibbon !
 I do not mean the Chronicler of Rome ;
He would have told thee loftily, that no man
 In modern times may play the antique Roman,
 And tear a Sabine virgin from her home : —
 But Mr. Gibbon,
 Thou, with the surreptitious rib on,
 What shall I say to thee, thou Jason, — nay,
 What will our Wilberforce and Stephen say,
 Thou cruel kidnapper of young *white* woman !
 Were there no misses, — none
 All on the start and ready for a run
 To Gretna Smithy, — even by the mail,
 That thou must go befooling
 A quiet maiden at her country schooling,
 And stop her lessons with an idle tale, —
 Sully the happy hue
 Of her calm thoughts, and trouble her sky-blue, —
 Spoil her embroideries, and falsely wheedle

Her pretty hand from the delightful needle,
 Merely to mar her *piece*,
 Planting those stitches in her maiden heart,
 That only should have made Rebecca smart,
 Or robed young Isaac in a silken fleece?
 Was there no willing Love,
 With roving eyes,
 More gay than wise,
 To bend with thy removal to remove?
 Couldst thou not calm the doubt
 Of Foote twice asked in vain, and ask her out?
 There's Madame Vestris — but she has a mate,
 And Paton hath as bad —
 But thou might'st add
 A single Cubitt to thy single state,
 Take such, and welcome to more wives than
 Buncle,
 Or gentle Olive, that Princess of No-Land,
 She owns some great expectancies in Poland,
 And has no follower — I mean no uncle !

ODE TO N. A. VIGORS, ESQ.

ON THE PUBLICATION OF "THE GARDENS AND
 MENAGERIE OF THE ZOÖLOGICAL SOCIETY."

"Give you good den." — SHAKESPEARE.

So Mr. V., — no Vigors — I beg pardon —
 You've published your Zoölogical Garden !

A book of which I've heard a deal of talk,
 And your Menagerie — indeed, 'tis bad o' me,
 But I have never seen your Beast Academy !
 Or set my feet
 In Brute-on street,
 Or ever wandered in your " Bird-cage Walk."

Yet, I believe that you were truly born
 To be a kind of brutal overseer,
 And, like the royal quarterings, appear
 Between a lion and a unicorn :
 There is a sort of reason about rhyme
 That I have pondered many, many a time ;
 Where words, like birds of feather,
 Likely to come together,
 Are quite prophetically made to chime ;
 So your own office is forestalled, O Vigors !
 Your proper Sirname having but one single
 Appropriate jingle,
 ——— Tigers !

Where is your gardening volume ! like old Mawe's !
 Containing rules for cultivating brutes,
 Like fruits,
 Through April, May, or June,
 As thus — now rake your Lions' manes, and prune
 Your Tigers' claws ;
 About the middle of the month, if fair,
 Give your Chameleons air ;
 Choose shady walls for Owls,

Water your Fowls,
 And plant your Leopards in the sunniest spots ;
 Earth up your Beavers ; train your Bears to climb ;
 Thin out your Elephants about this time ;
 And set some early Kangaroos in pots.
 In some warm sheltered place,
 Prepare a hot-bed for the Boa race,
 Leaving them room to swell ;
 Prick out your Porcupines ; and blanch your Er-
 mine ;
 Stick up Opossums ; trim your Monkeys well ;
 And "destroy all vermin."

O tell me, Mr. Vigors ! for the fleas
 Of curiosity begin to tease —
 If they bite rudely I must crave your pardon,
 But if a man may ask,
 What is the task
 You have to do in this exotic garden ?
 If from your title one may guess your ends,
 You are a sort of Secretary Bird
 To write home word
 From ignorant brute-beasts to absent friends.
 Does ever the poor little Coatamondi
 Beg you to write to ma'
 To ask papa
 To send him a new suit to wear on Sunday ?
 Does Mrs. L. request you 'll be so good
 — Acting a sort of Urban to Sylvanus —
 As write to her "two children in the wood,"

Addressed — post-paid — to Leo Africanus ?

Does ever the great Sea-Bear *Londinensis*

Make you amanuensis

To send out news to some old Arctic stager —

“ Pray write, that Brother Bruin on the whole

Has got a head on this day’s pole,

And say my Ursa has been made a Major ? ”

Do you not write dejected letters — very —

Describing England for poor “ Happy Jerry,”

Unlike those emigrants who take in flats,

Throwing out New South Wales for catching
sprats ?

Of course your penmanship you ne’er refuse

For “ begging letters ” from poor Kangaroos ;

Of course you manage bills, and their acquittance,

And sometimes pen for Pelican a double

Letter to Mrs. P., and brood in trouble,

Enclosing a small dab, as a remittance ;

Or send from Mrs. B. to her old cadger,

Her full-length, done by Harvey, that rare
draughtsman,

And skilful craftsman,

A game one too, for he can draw a Badger.

Does Doctor Bennett never come and trouble you

To break the death of Wolf to Mrs. W. ?

To say poor Buffalo his last has puffed,

And died quite suddenly, without a will,

Soothing the widow with a tender quill,

And gently hinting — “ would she like him stuffed ? ”

Does no old sentimental Monkey weary
Your hand at times to vent his scribbling itch?
And then your pen must answer to the query
Of Dame Giraffe, who has been told her deary
Died on the *spot* — and wishes to know *which*?
New candidates meanwhile your help are wait-
ing —

To fill up cards of thanks, with due refinement,
For Missis 'Possum, after her confinement;
To pen a note of pretty Poll's dictating —
Or write how Charles the Tenth's departed reign
Disquiets the crowned Crane,
And all the royal Tigers;
To send a bulletin to brother Asses
Of Zebra's health, what sort of night he passes; —
Is this your duty, Secretary Vigors?

Or are your brutes but Garden-brutes indeed,
Of the old shrubby breed,
Dragons of holly — Peacocks cut in yew?
But no — I've seen your book,
And all the creatures look
Like real creatures, natural and true!
Ready to prowl, to growl, to prey, to fight,
Thanks be to Harvey who their portraits drew,
And to the cutters praise is justly due,
To Branston always, and to always Wright.
Go on then, publishing your Monthly parts,
And let the wealthy crowd,
The noble and the proud,

42 ODE TO SIR ANDREW AGNEW, BART.

Learn of brute beasts to patronize the Arts.
So may your Household flourish in the Park,
And no long Boa go to his long home,
No Antelope give up the vital spark,
But all, with this your scientific tome,
Go on as swimmingly as old Noah's Ark!

ODE TO SIR ANDREW AGNEW, BART.

"At certain seasons he makes a prodigious clattering with his bill."
— SELBY.
"The bill is rather long, flat, and tinged with green." — BAWICK.

O ANDREW FAIRSERVICE — but I beg pardon,
You never labored in Di Vernon's garden,
On curly kale and cabbages intent —
Andrew Churchservice was the thing I meant:
You are a Christian — I would be the same,
Although we differ, and I'll tell you why,
Not meaning to make game,
I do not like my Church so very High!

When people talk, as talk they will,
About your bill,
They say, among their other jibes and small jeers,
That, if you had your way,
You 'd make the seventh day
As overbearing as the Dey of Algiers.

Talk of converting Blacks —
 By your attacks,
 You make a thing so horrible of *one* day,
 Each nigger, they will bet a something tidy,
 Would rather be a heathenish Man Friday,
 Than your Man Sunday!
 So poor men speak,
 Who, once a week,
 Perhaps, after weaving artificial flowers,
 Can snatch a glance of Nature's kinder bowers,
 And revel in a bloom
 That is not of the loom,
 Making the earth, the streams, the skies, the trees,
 A Chapel of Ease.
 Whereas, as you would plan it,
 Walled in with hard Scotch granite,
 People all day should look to their behaviors; —
 But though there be, as Shakespeare owns,
 "Sermons in stones,"
 Zounds! would you have us work at them like
 pavors?

Spontaneous is pure devotion's fire;
 And in a green wood many a soul has built
 A new Church, with a fir-tree for its spire,
 Where Sin has prayed for peace, and wept for
 guilt,
 Better than if an architect the plan drew;
 We know of old how medicines were backed,
 But true Religion needs not to be quacked
 By an Un-merry Andrew!

Suppose a poor town-weary sallow elf
 At Primrose-hill would renovate himself,
 Or drink (and no great harm)
Milk genuine at *Chalk* Farm;
 The innocent intention who would baulk,
 And drive him back into St. Bennet Fink?
 For my part, for my life, I cannot think
 A walk on Sunday is "the Devil's Walk."

But there's a sect of Deists, and their creed
 Is D—ing other people to be d—d;
 Yea, all that are not of their saintly level,
 They make a pious point
 To send, with an "aroint,"
 Down to that great Fillhellenist, the Devil.
 To such, a ramble by the River Lea,
 Is really treading on the "Banks of D—."

Go down to Margate, wisest of law-makers,
 And say unto the sea, as Canute did
 (Of course the sea will do as it is bid),
 "This is the Sabbath — let there be no breakers!"
 Seek London's Bishop, on some Sunday morn,
 And try him with your tenets to inoculate;
 Abuse his fine souchong, and say in scorn,
 "This is not *Churchman's* chocolate!"

Or, seek Dissenters at their midday meal,
 And read them from your Sabbath Bill some pas-
 sages,

And while they eat their mutton, beef, and veal,
 Shout out with holy zeal —
 “These are not *Chappel’s* sausages!”
 Suppose your Act should act up to your will,
 Yet how will it appear to Mrs. Grundy,
 To hear you saying of this pious bill,
 “It *works* well — on a Sunday!”

To knock down apple-stalls is now too late,
 Except to starve some poor old harmless mad-
 am ; —
 You might have done some good, and changed
 our fate,
 Could you have upset *that*, which ruined Adam !
 ’Tis useless to prescribe salt-cod and eggs,
 Or lay post-horses under legal fetters,
 While Tattersall’s on Sunday stirs its *Legs*,
 Folks look for good examples from their *Betters* !

Consider — Acts of Parliament may bind
 A man to go where Irvings are discoursing ;
 But as for forcing “proper frames of mind,”
 Minds are not *framed*, like melons, for such *forc-*
 ing !

Remember, as a Scottish legislator,
 The Scotch Kirk always has a Moderator ;
 Meaning, one need not ever be sojourning
 In a long Sermon Lane without a turning.
 Such grave old maids as Portia and Zenobia

And make state cyphers eat up their own aughts,
And only in thy saving be unsparing ;
At soldiers' uniforms make awful rackets,
Don't trim though, but untrim their jackets
Allow the tin mines no tin tax,
Cut off the Great Seal's wax ;
Dock all the dock-yards, lower masts and sails,
Search foot by foot the Infantry's amounts,
Look into all the Cavalry's accounts,
And crop their horses' tails.
Look well to Woolwich and each money vote,
Examine all the cannons' charges well,
And those who found th' Artillery compel
To forge twelve pounders for a five pound note.
Watch Sandhurst too, its debts and its Cadets —
Those Military pets.
Take Army — no, take Leggy Tailors
Down to the Fleet, for no one but a nincum
Out of our nation's narrow income
Would furnish such wide trousers to the Sailors.
Next take, to wonder him,
The Master of the Horse's horse from under him ;
Retrench from those who tend on Royal ills
Wherewith to gild their pills.
And tell the Stag-hound's Master he must keep
The deer, &c., cheap.
Close as new brooms
Scrub the Bed Chamber Grooms ;
Abridge the Master of the Ceremonies
Of his very moneys ;

In short, at every salary have a pull,
And when folks come for pay
On quarter-day,
Stop half, and make them give receipts in full.

O Mr. Hume, don't drink,
Or eat, or sleep, a wink,
Till you have argued over each reduction :
Let it be food to you, repose, and suction ;
Though you should make more motions by
one half
Than any telegraph,
Item by item all these things enforce,
Be on your legs till lame, and talk till hoarse ;
Have lozenges—mind, Dawson's—in your pocket,
And swing your arms till aching in their socket ;
Or, if awake you cannot keep,
Talk of retrenchment in your sleep ;
Expose each Peachum, and show up each Lockit—
Go down to the M. P.'s before you sup,
And while they're sitting blow them up,
As Guy Fawkes could not do with all his nous ;
But now we live in different Novembers,
And safely you may walk into the House,
First split its ears, and then divide its members !

ODE TO ADMIRAL GAMBIER, G. C. B.

"Well, if you reclaim such as Hood, your Society will deserve the thanks of the country." — TEMPERANCE SOCIETY'S HERALD, Vol. I., No. 1, p. 8.

"My father, when last I from Guinea
Came home with abundance of wealth,
Said, 'Jack, never be such a ninny
As to drink —' says I, 'Father, your health !'
NOTHING LIKE Grog.

O Admiral Gam ! — I dare not mention *bier*
In such a temperate ear —
O Admiral Gam ! — an admiral of the Blue,
Of course, to read the Navy List aright,
For strictly shunning wine of either hue,
You can't be Admiral of the Red or White : —
O Admiral Gam ! consider ere you call
On merry Englishmen to wash their throattles
With water only ; and to break their bottles,
To stick, for fear of trespass, on the wall
Of Exeter Hall !

Consider, I beseech, the contrariety
Of cutting off our brandy, gin, and rum,
And then, by tracts, inviting us to come
And "*miz* in your society !"
In giving rules to dine, or sup, or lunch,
Consider Nature's ends before you league us
To strip the Isle of Rum of all its punch —

To dock the Isle of Mull of all its negus —
Or doom — to suit your milk and water view —
The Isle of Skye to nothing but sky-blue !

Consider — for appearance' sake — consider
The sorry figure of a spirit-ridder,
Going on this crusade against the suttler ;
A sort of Hudibras — without a Butler !

Consider — ere you break the ardent spirits
Of father, mother, brother, sister, daughter ;
What are your beverage's washy merits ?
Gin may be low — but I have known low-water !

Consider well, before you thus deliver,
With such authority, your sloppy cannon ;
Should British tars taste nothing but the *river*,
Because the *Chesapeake* once fought the *Shannon* ?

Consider, too — before all Eau-de-vie,
Schiedam, or other drinkers, you rebut —
To bite a bitten dog all curs agree ;
But who would cut a man because he's *cut* ?

Consider — ere you bid the poor to fill
Their murmuring stomach with the “murmuring
rill,” —
Consider that their streams are not like ours,
Reflecting heaven, and margined by sweet flowers ;
On their dark pools by day no sun reclines,

By night no Jupiter, no Venus shines ;
Consider life's sour taste, that bids them mix
Rum with Acheron, or gin with Styx ;
If you must pour out water to the poor, oh !
Let it be *aqua d'oro* !

Consider — ere as furious as a griffin,
Against a glass of grog you make such work,
A man may like a stiff'un,
And yet not be a Burke !

Consider, too, before you bid all skinkers
Turn water-drinkers,
What sort of fluid fills their native rivers ;
Their Mudiboos, and Niles, and Guadalquivers.
How should you like, yourself, in glass or mug,
The Bog — the Bug —
The Maine — the Weser — or that freezer, Neva ?
Nay, take the very rill of classic ground, —
Lord Byron found
Even Castaly better for Geneva.

Consider — if, to vote Reform's arrears,
His Majesty should please to make you peers,
Your titles would be very far from trumps,
To figure in a book of blue and red : —
The Duke of Draw-well — what a name to dread !
Marquis of Main-pipe ! Earl New-River-Head !
And Temperance's chief, the Prince of Pumps !

ODE TO SPENCER PERCIVAL, ESQ., M. P.

O Mr. Spencer! —
I mean no offence, sir, —
Retrencher of each trencher, man or woman's ;
Maker of days of ember,
Eloquent member
Of the House of Com — I mean to say short commons ;
Thou Long Tom Coffin singing out, " Hold Fast " —
Avast !
O Mr. Percival, I 'll bet a dollar, a
Great growth of cholera,
And new deaths reckoned,
Will mark thy Lenten Twenty-first and second.
The best of our physicians, when they con it,
Depose the malady is in the air :
O Mr. Spencer ! — if the ill *is* there, —
Why should you bid the people live upon it ?

Why should you make discourses against courses ,
While Doctors, though they bid us rub and chafe,
Declare, of all resources,
The man is safest who gets in the safe ?
And yet you bid poor suicidal sinners
Discard their dinners,

Thoughtless how Heaven above will look upon 't,
For men to die so wantonly of want !

By way of a variety,
Think of the ineffectual piety
Of London's Bishop, at St. Faith's or Bride's,
Lecturing such chameleon insides,
Only to find
He 's preaching to the wind.
Whatever others do, — or don't,
I cannot — dare not — must not fast, and won't,
Unless by night your day you let me keep,
And *fast* asleep ;
My constitution can't obey such censors ;
I must have meat
Three times a day to eat ;
My health 's of such a sort —
To say the truth, in short,
The *coats* of my stomach are not *Spencers* !

ODE TO MISS KELLY,

ON HER OPENING THE STRAND THEATRE.

O BETTY — I beg pardon — Fanny K. !
(I was just thinking of your Betty Finnikin) —

Permit me this to say,

In quite a friendly way —

I like your theatre, though but a minikin;
For though small stages Kean dislikes to spout on,
Renounce me if I don't agree with Dowton,
The Minors are the Passions' proper schools.

For me, I never can

Find wisdom in the plan

That keeps large reservoirs for little Pooles.

I like your boxes, where the audience sit

A family circle; and your little pit;

I like your little stage, where you discuss

Your pleasant bill of fare,

And show us passengers so rich and rare;

Your little stage seems quite an omnibus.

I like exceedingly your Parthian dame,

Dimly remembering dramatic codgers,

The ghost of Memory — the shade of Fame! —

Lord! what a housekeeper for Mr. Rogers!

I like your savage, of a one-horse power;
And Terence, done in Irish from the Latin;
And Sally — quite a kitchen-garden flower;
And Mrs. Drake, serene in sky-blue satin!
I like your girl as speechless as a mummy —
 It shows you can play dummy! —
I like your boy, deprived of every gleam
Of light forever — a benighted being!
And really think — though Irish it may seem —
 Your blindness is worth seeing.

I like your Governess; and there's a striking
Tale of Two Brothers, that sets tears a-flowing —
 But I'm not going
All through the bill to tell you of my liking.
Suffice it, Fanny Kelly! with your art
So much in love, like others, I have grown,
I really mean myself to take a part
In "Free and Easy" — at my own bespeak —
 And shall three times a week
Drop in and make your pretty house my own!

ODE TO MESSRS. GREEN, HOLLOND, AND
MONCK MASON,

ON THEIR LATE BALLOON EXPEDITION.

"Here we go up, up, up, — and there we go down, down, downy."—
OLD BALLAD.

O lofty-minded men !
Almost beyond the pitch of my goose pen !
And most inflated words !
Delicate Ariels ! ethereals ! birds
Of passage ! fliers ! angels without wings !
Fortunate rivals of Icarian darings !
Male witches, without broomsticks — taking air-
ings !
Kites — without strings !
Volatile spirits ! light mercurial humors !
O give us soon your sky adventures truly,
With full particulars, correcting duly
All flying rumors !
Two-legged high fliers !
What upper-stories you must have to tell !
And nobody can contradict you well,
Or call you liars !
Your Region of Romance will many covet ;
Besides that, you may scribble what you will,
And this great luck will wait upon you, still
All criticism, you will be above it !
Write, then, Messrs. Monck Mason, Hollond,
Green !

And tell us all you have, or have n't seen ! —
 ['T was kind, when the balloon went out of town,
 To take Monck Mason up and set him down,
 For when a gentleman is at a shift
 For carriage — talk of carts, and gigs, and coaches !
 Nothing to a balloon approaches,

For giving one *a lift* !]

O say, when Mr. Frederic Gye
 Seemed but a speck — a mote — in friendship's eye,
 Did any tongue confess a sort of dryness
 Seeming the soaring rashness to rebuke ;
 Or did each feel himself, like Brunswick's Duke,
 A most Serene Highness !

Say, as you crossed the Channel,
 Well clothed in well-aired linen and warm flannel,
 How did your company, perceived afar,
 Affect the tar ?

Methinks I see him cock his weather eye
 Against the sky,

Turning his *ruminating* quid full oft,
 With wonder sudden taken all aback —

“ My eyes ! ” says he,

“ I 'm blowed if there arn't *three* !

Three little Cherubs smiling up aloft,

A-watching for poor Jack ! ”

Of course, at such a height, the ocean
 Affected no one by its motion —
 But did internal comfort dwell with each,

Quiet and ease each comfortable skin in?
Or did brown Hollond of a sudden bleach,
 As white as Irish linen?
 Changing his native hue,
 Did Green look blue? —
In short, was any air-sick? P'rhaps Monck Mason
Was forced to have an air-pump in a bason?

 Say, with what sport or pleasure
Might you fill up your lofty leisure?
 Like Scotchman, at high jinks?
 (High-spy was an appropriate game, me-
 thinks)
Or cards — but playing very high;
Or skying coppers almost to the sky;
Or did you listen, the first mortal ears
That ever drank the music of the spheres?
Or might you into vocal music get,
 A trio — highly set?
Or, as the altitude so well allowed,
Perchance you “blew a cloud.”

 Say, did you find the air
 Give you an appetite up there?
Your cold provisions — were you glad to meet 'em?
Or did you find your victuals all so *high*,
 Or blown up so by your *fly*,
 You could n't eat 'em?
 Of course you took some wine to sup,
Although the circumstance has not been stated:

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I envy you the effervescing cup !
Warn't your Champagne *well up* ? —
Nay, you yourselves a little *elevated* !

Then, for your tea and breakfast, say,
Was it not something delicately new
To get *sky blue*
Right genuine from the real *milky way* !

Of course, you all agreed,
Whate'er your conversation was about,
Like friends indeed —
And faith ! not without need,
'T was such an awkward place for *falling out* !

Say, after your gastronomy,
Kept you a watch all night,
Marking the planets bright,
Like three more Airys, studying astronomy ;
Or near the midnight chime
Did some one haul his nightcap on his head,
Hold out his mounted watch, and say "*high* time
To go to bed ?"

Did n't your coming scare
The sober Germans, until every cap
Rose, lifted by a frightened fell of hair ?
Meanwhile the very pipe, mayhap,
Extinguished, like the vital spark in death,
From wonder locking up the smoker's breath !



Did n't they crouch like chickens when the kite
Hovers in sight,
To see your vehicle of huge dimension
Aloft, like Gulliver's Laputa, — nay,
I'd better say
The Island of Ascension?

Well was it planned
To come down thus into the German land,
Where Honors you may score by such event;
For, if I read the prophecy aright,
You'll have the Eagle Order for your flight,
And all be Von'd, because of your *descent*!

ODE TO J. S. BUCKINGHAM, Esq., M. P.,

ON THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON DRUNKENNESS.

"Steady, boys, steady." — SNA SONG.

"*Then did they fall upon the chat of drinking*; and forthwith began Flagons to go, Goblets to fly, great Bowls to ting, Glasses to ring, draw, reach, fill, mix, give it me without water; so, my Friend, so; whip me off this Glass neatly; bring me hither some Claret, — a full weeping Glass till it run over!" — RABELAIS.

"Now, seeing that every Vessel was empty, great and small, with not so much at the Bottom as would half befuddle or muddle even a Fly, such as are the Flies of Baieux, I say, seeing this lamentable sight, Gargantua leapt up on one of the Tables, and with Tears in his Eyes as big as Cannon Bullets, did pathetically beseech Pantagruel, as well as he could for the Hiccups and the Drinking Cups, and all sorts of Cups, as he valued his precious Body and Soul, one or both, never to drink more than became a reasonable Man, and not a Hog

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and a Beast. And the Stint of a reasonably reasonable Man is thus much, to wit, seven Thousand three Hundred and fifty-three Hog-heads, twice as many Kilderkins, thrice as many little Kegs, and as many Flagon, Bottles, and Tankards as you will, beside. A Christian ought not to drink more. As Gargantua said these Words his Voice grew thick, his Tongue being as it were too huge for his Mouth; and on a sudden he turned dog-sick, and fell off the Table a prodigious Fall, whereby there was a horrible Earthquake, from Paris even unto Turkey in Asia, as is remembered unto this day." — RABELAIS.

O, Mr. Buckingham, if I may take
The liberty with you and your Committee,
Some observations I intend to make,
I hope will prove both pertinent and pretty:
On Drunkenness you've held a special court,
But is consistency, I ask, your forte,
When after (I must say) much Temperance
 swaggering,
 You issue a Report
 That's staggering!

Of course you labored without drop or sup;
Yet certain parts of that Report to read,
 Some men might think indeed
A corkscrew, not a pen, had drawn it up.
For instance, was it quite a sober plan,
On such a theme as drunkenness, to trouble
 A poor old man
Who could not e'en see single, much less double?
 Blind some six years,
 As it appears
He gives in evidence, and you receive it,
A flaming picture of a flaming palace,

Where gin-admirers sipped the chalice,
And then (the banter is not bad)
Thinks fit to add,
You really should have seen it to believe it!*

That *he* could see such sights I must deny,
Unless he borrowed Betty Martin's eye.
A man that is himself walks in a line, —
One not himself goes serpentine,
And as he rambles
In crablike scrambles,
The while his body works in curves,
His intellect as surely swerves,
And some such argument as this he utters :
“ While men get *cut*, we must have cutters ;
As long as Jack will have his rum
We must have pink, corvette, and bomb, —

* What is your occupation? — My occupation has been in the weaving line; *but, having the dropsy six years ago, I am deprived of my eyesight.*

2784. Did you not once *see* a gin-shop burnt down? — *About nine months ago* there was the sign of the Adam and Eve at the corner of Church-street, at Bethnal-green, burnt down, and they had such a quantity of spirits in the house at the time that it was such a terrible fire, that they were obliged to throw everything into the middle of the road to keep it away from the liquor, and it was all in flames in the road; and the gin-shop opposite was scorched and broke their windows; and there was another gin-shop at the opposite corner, — at three corners there were gin-shops, — and was, from the fire, just like a murdering concern, for you could not get round the corner at all; it was so thronged that a man could not believe it unless he saw it.

Each sort of craft,
 Since Noah's old raft, —
 Frigate and brig,
 Ships of all rig ;

We must have fleets, because our sailors swig ;
 But only get our tars to broths and soups,
 And see how slops will do away with sloops !
 Turn flip to flummery, and grog to gravy,
 And then what need has England of a navy ?" *

Forgive my muse ; she is a saucy hussy,
 But she declares such reasoning sounds muzzy ;
 And that, as sure as Dover stands at Dover,
 The man who entertains so strange a notion

Of governing the ocean,
 Has been but half seas over.

Again : when sober people talk
 On soberness, would not their words all walk
 Straight to the point, instead of zigzag trials
 Of both sides of the way, till, having crost
 And crost, they find themselves completely lost
 Like gentlemen — rather cut — in Seven Dials ?
 Just like the sentence following, in fact :

“ Every Act †

* 8898. *If temperance were universal, do you think we should need any line-of-battle ships ?* — It would be very unsafe for us to be without them.

† 1686. Do you mean to infer from that, that the law in all its branches should be in accordance with the Divine command ? — I do ; every Act of the Legislature should flow over the bed of inspired truth, and receive the impregnation of its righteous and holy principles.

Of the Legislature" — so it *runs* — "should flow
Over the bed" — of what? — begin your guesses.

The Bed of Ware?

The State Bed of the Mayor?

One at the Hummums? Of MacAdam's? No.

A parsley bed?

Of cabbage, green or red?

Of onions? daffodils? of water-cresses?

A spare-bed with a friend? one full of fleas?

At Bedford, or Bedhampton? — None of these.

The Thames's bed? The bed of the New River?

A kennel? brick-kiln? or a stack of hay?

Of churchyard clay, —

The bed that's made for every mortal liver? —

No — give it up — all guessing I defy in it; —

It is the bed of "Truth" — "inspired" forsooth,

As, if you gave your best best-bed to Truth

She'd *lie* in it!

Come, Mr. Buckingham, be candid: come,

Did n't that metaphor want "seeing home?"

What man, who did not see far more than real,

Drink's beau ideal,

Could fancy the mechanic so well thrives,

In these hard times,

The source of half his crimes

Is going into gin-shops changing fives? *

* 2512. Are they in the habit of bringing £5 notes to get changed, as well as sovereigns? — Very rarely; *I should think a £5 note is an article they seldom put in their pockets.*

Whate'er had washed such theoretic throats,
 After a soundish sleep, till twelve next day,
 And perhaps a gulp of soda, did not *they*
 All change their notes ?

Suppose — mind, Mr. B., I say suppose
 You were the landlord of the Crown, the Rose,
 The Cock and Bottle, or the Prince of Wales,
 The Devil and the Bag of Nails,

 The Crown and Thistle,
 The Pig and Whistle,
 Magpie and Stump, — take which you like,
 The question equally will strike ;

Suppose your apron on — top-boots, — fur-cap —
 Keeping an eye to bar and tap,

When in comes, muttering like mad,
 The strangest customer you ever had !
 Well, after rolling eyes and mouthing,

 And calling for a go of nothing,
 He thus accosts you in a tone of malice :
 “ Here ’s pillars, curtains, gas, plate-glass, — what
 not ?

Zounds ! Mr. Buckingham, the shop you ’ve got
 Beats Buckingham Palace !

It ’s not to be allowed, sir ; I ’m a Saint,
 So I ’ve brought a paint-brush and a pot of paint :

 You deal in gin, sir, —
 Glasses of sin, sir ; —

No words — Gin wholesome ! — you ’re a story-
 teller ;

I don’t mind Satan standing at your back ;

The Spirit moveth me to go about,
 And paint your premises inside and out,
 Black, sir, coal black,
 Coal black, sir, from the garret to the cellar.
 I'll teach you to sell gin! and, what is more,
 To keep your wicked customers therefrom,
 I'll paint a great Death's-head upon your door —
 Write underneath it, if you please — Old Tom! ”*
 Should such a case occur,
 How would you act with the intruder, sir?
 Surely, not cap in hand, you'd stand and bow,
 But after hearing him proceed thus far
 (Mind — locking up the bar)
 You'd seek the first policeman near,
 “Here, take away this fellow, here,
 The rascal is as drunk as David's Sow!”

If I may ask again — between
 Ourselves and the General Post, I mean —
 What was that gentleman's true situation
 Who said — but could he really stand
 To what he said? — “In Scottish land
 The cause of drunkenness was education?” †

* 8006. Do you think it would be of good effect, were the Legislature to order that those houses should be painted all black, with a large death's-head and cross-bones over the door? — I wish they would do even so much.

† 4502. What are the remote causes that have influenced the habit of drinking spirits among all classes of the population? — One of the causes of drunkenness in Scotland is education.

Then who, but with a fancy rather frisky,
 And warm besides, and generous with whiskey,
 Not seeing most particularly clear,
 Would recommend to make the drunkards thinner
 By shutting up the publican and sinner
 With pensions each of fifty pounds a year? *
 Ods! taps and topers! private stills and worms!
 What doors you'd soon have open to your terms!

To men of common gumption,
 How strange, besides, must seem
 At this time any scheme
 To put a check upon potheen's consumption,
 When all are calling out for Irish Poor Laws!
 Instead of framing *more* laws,
 To pauperism if you'd give a pegger,
 Don't check, but patronize their "Kill-the-
 Beggar!" †
 If Pat is apt to go in *Irish Linen*
 (Buttoning his coat, with nothing but his skin in),

culation, one shop out of every four is a whiskey-shop, throughout the whole kingdom. Those who have been unsuccessful in every other employment, and those who have no capital for any employment, fly to the selling of whiskey as the last shift.

* 773. Now, suppose we were to give £ 50 a year to every spirit-seller in Belfast, to pension them off (and I am sure it would be much better for the country that they should be paid for doing nothing than for doing mischief).

† 794. We have in our neighborhood a species of whiskey of this kind, called "Kill-the-Beggar."

Would any Christian man, — that's quite himself,
His wits not floored, or laid upon the shelf, —
While blaming Pat for raggedness, poor boy,
Would he deprive him of his "Corduroy"? *

Would any gentleman, unless inclining
To tipsy, take a board upon his shoulder,
Near Temple Bar, thus warning the beholder, —
"BEWARE OF TWINING"?

Are tea-dealers, indeed, so deep-designing,
As one of your select would set us thinking,
That to each tea-chest we should say, Tu Doces
(Or doses),

Thou tea-chest drinking? †

What would be said of *me*
Should I attempt to trace

The vice of drinking to the high in place,

And say its *root* was on the *top o' the tree*? ‡

* 795. Another description of what would be termed adulterated spirits, is by the vulgar termed "Corduroy."

† 798. It is quite common, in Dublin particularly, to have at one end of the counter a large pile of tea-chests for females to go behind, to be hid from sight; but the dangerous secrecy arises chiefly from the want of suspicion in persons going into grocers' shops.

788. It is a well-known fact that mechanics' wives not unfrequently get portions of spirituous liquors at grocers' shops, and have them set down to their husbands' accounts as soap, sugar, tea, &c.

‡ 816. Do you ascribe the great inclination for whiskey at present existing among the lower classes originally to the use of it by the higher classes as a favorite drink? — I attribute a very large portion of the evil arising from the use

But *I* am not pot-valiant, and I shun
To say how high potheen might have a *run*. *

What would *you* think, if, talking about stingo,
I told you that a lady friend of mine,

By only looking at her wine
Flushed in her face as red as a flamingo? †
Would you not ask of me, like many more,
“Pray, sir, what had the lady had before?”

Suppose at sea, in Biscay's bay of bays,
A rum-cask bursting in a blaze;
Should *I* be thought half tipsy or whole drunk,
If, running all about the deck, I roared,
“I say, is ever a Cork man aboard?”

Answered by some Hibernian Jack Junk,
While hitching up his tarry trowser,
How would it sound in sober ears, O how, sir,
If I should bellow with redoubled noise,
“Then sit upon the bunghole, broth of boys”? ‡

of spirituous liquors to the sanction they have received from the higher classes: the respectable in society I hold to be the chief patrons of drunkenness.

* 759. What do you mean by the phrase *run*? — It means, according to a common saying, that *for one gallon made for the King, another is made for the Queen*.

† 4627. A lady informed me lately, that, in dining out, although she should not taste a drop in the hob and nob at dinner, yet the lifting of the glass as frequently as etiquette requires, generally flushed her face a good deal before dinner was ended.

‡ 3901. Are you aware of the cause of the burning of the Kent East-Indiaman in the Bay of Biscay? — Holding a can-

When men — the fact's well known — reel to
 and fro,
 A little what is called how-come-you-so,
 They think themselves as steady as a steeple,
 And lay their staggerings on other people, —
 Taking that fact in pawn,
 What proper inference would then be drawn
 By e'er a dray-horse with a head to his tail,
 Should anybody cry
 To some one going by,
 "O fie! O fie! O fie!
 You 're drunk — you 've *nigh* had *half a pint of*
 ale!" *

One certain sign of fumes within the skull,
 They say, is being rather slow and dull, —
 Oblivious quite of what we are about —
 No one can doubt
 Some weighty queries rose, and yet you missed 'em:
 For instance, when a Doctor so bethumps

dle over the bung-hole of a cask of spirits, the snuff fell into the cask and set it on fire. They had not presence of mind to put in the bung, which would have put out the fire; *and if a man had sat on the bung-hole it would not have burnt him, and it would have put it out.*

* 4282. Do many young men visit those houses? — A very great many have done, more so than what visit the regular public-houses. I was in one of those places about twelve months ago waiting for a coach, and there came into the beer-shop twenty-two boys, who called for half a gallon of ale, which they drank, and then they called for another.

What he denominates the "forcing system,"
Nobody asks him about *forcing pumps*! *

O say, with hand on heart,
Suppose that I should start
Some theory like this :

" When Genesis

Was written, before man became a glutton,
And in his appetites ran riot,
Content with simple vegetable diet,
Eating his turnips without leg of mutton,
His spinach without lamb, carrots sans beef,

'T is my belief

He was a polypus, and I'm convinced
Made other men when he was hashed or minced;" —
Did I in such a style as this proceed,
Would you not say I was *Farre gone* indeed? †

Excuse me, if I doubt at each Assize
How sober it would look in public eyes
For our King's Counsel and our learned Judges,
When trying thefts, assaults, frauds, murders,
arsons,

* 1211. The over-stimulation, which too frequently ends in the habit of drunkenness in Great Britain in every class, is the result of the British *forcing system* simply.

† 1282. Was not vegetable food prescribed in the first chapter of Genesis? — Vegetable food was appointed when the restorative power of man was complete. The restorative power in some of the lower animals is still complete. If a polypus be truncated or cut into several pieces, each part will become a perfect animal. — *Vide evidence of Dr. Farre.*

To preach from texts of temperance like parsons,
 By way of giving tipplers gentle nudges.
 Imagine my Lord Bayley, Parke, or Park,*
 Donning the fatal sable cap, and hark! —
 “These sentences must pass, howe’er I’m panged :
 You Brandy must return — and Rum the same —
 To the Goose and Gridiron, whence you came ; —
 Gin ! — Reverend Mr. Cotton and Jack Ketch
 Your spirit jointly will despatch ; —
 Whiskey be hanged !”

Suppose that some fine morning,
 Mounted upon a pile of Dunlop cheeses,
 I gave the following as public warning,
 Would there not be sly winking, coughs, and
 sneezes !
 Or dismal hiss of universal scorn :
 “My brethren, don’t be born ;
 But if you’re born, be well advised, —
 Don’t be baptized.
 If both take place, still at the worst
 Do not be nursed :
 At every birth each gossip dawdle
 Expects her caudle ;
 At christenings, too, drink always hands about ;

* 975. What happy opportunities, for example, are offered to each Judge and King’s Counsellor at every Assize to denounce all customary use of distilled spirits as the great excitement to crime. The proper improvement of such opportunities would do much for temperance.

Nurses will have their porter or their stout ;
 Don't wear clean linen, for it leads to sin, —
 All washerwomen make a stand for gin.
 If you're a minister, to keep due stinting,
 Never preach sermons that are worth the printing,*
 Avoid a steamboat with a lady in her, †
 And when you court, watch Miss well after dinner;‡
 Never run bills, or if you do, don't pay, §
 And *give* your butter and your cheese away ; ||
 Build yachts and pleasure-boats, if you are rich,
 But never have them launched, or payed with
 pitch ; ¶

* 4642. When a clergyman gets a new manse, he is fined in a bottle of wine; when he has been newly married, this circumstance subjects him to the same amicable penalty; the birth of a child also costs one bottle, and the publication of a sermon another. — *By J. Dunlop, Esq.*

† 4637. The absolute necessity of treating females in the same manner, in steamboat jaunts, is lamentable.

‡ 4637. Some youths have been known to defer their entrance into a temperance society till after their marriage, lest failure in the usual compliments should be misconstrued, and create a coldness with their future wives.

§ 1635. It (drinking) is employed in making bargains, at the payment of accounts.

|| 4639. A landlady, in settling with a farmer for his butter and cheese, brings out the bottle and the glass with her own hands, and presses it on his acceptance. How can he refuse a lady soliciting him to do what he is, perhaps, unfortunately already more than half inclined to?

¶ 4640. The launching-bowl is a bonus of drink, varying from £2 to £10, according to the size of the ship, bestowed by the owners on the apprentices of a ship-building yard at the launch of a vessel. The graving-bowl is given to the journeymen after a vessel is payed with tar.

In fine, for Temperance if you stand high,
 Don't die!" *

Did I preach thus, sir, should I not appear
 Just like the "parson much bemused with beer?"

Thus far, O Mr. Buckingham, I've gathered,
 But here, alas! by space my pen is tethered;
 And I can merely thank you all in short,
 The witnesses that have been called in court,
 And the Committee for their kind Report,
 Whence I have picked and puzzled out this moral,
 With which you must not quarrel:
 'Tis based in charity — *That men are brothers,*
 And those who make a fuss,
 About their Temperance thus,
Are not so much more temperate than others.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

To Bowring, man of many tongues,
 (All over tongues like rumor)
 This tributary verse belongs
 To paint his learned humor;
 All kinds of gabs he talks, I wis

* 4638. On the event of a decease, every one gets a glass who comes within the door until the funeral, and for six weeks after it.

From Latin down to Scottish ;
 As fluent as a parrot is,
 But far more *Polly*-glottish !
 No grammar too abstruser he meets,
 However dark and verby, —
 He gossips Greek about the streets,
 And often *Russ* — in urbe — :
 Strange tongues, whate'er you do them call,
 In short, the man is able
 To tell you what 's o'clock in all
 The *dialects* of Babel.
 Take him on 'Change ; try Portuguese,
 The Moorish and the Spanish,
 Polish, Hungarian, Tyrolese,
 The Swedish and the Danish ;
 Try him with these and fifty such,
 His skill will ne'er diminish,
 Although you should begin in Dutch
 And end (like me) in *Finnish*.

THE LOGICIANS.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

"Metaphysics were a large field in which to exercise the weapons
 logic had put into their hands." — SCRIBLERUS.

SEE here two cavillers,
 Would-be unravellers
 Of abstruse theory and questions mystical,

In tête-à-tête,
And deep debate,
Wrangling according to forms syllogistical.

Glowing and ruddy
The light streams in upon their deep brown study,
And settles on our bald logician's skull :
But still his meditative eye looks dull
And muddy,
For he is gazing inwardly, like Plato ;
But to the world without
And things about,
His eye is blind as that of a potato :
In fact, logicians
See but by syllogisms, — taste and smell
By propositions ;
And never let the common dray-horse senses
Draw inferences.
How wise his brow ! how eloquent his nose !
The feature of itself is a negation !
How gravely double is his chin, that shows
Double deliberation ;
His scornful lip forestalls the confutation !

O this is he that wisely with a major
And minor proves a greengage is no gauger ! —
By help of ergo,
That cheese of sage will make no mite the sager,
And Taurus is no bull to toss up Virgo ! —
O this is he that logically tore his

Dog into dogmas, — following Aristotle, —
Cut up his cat into ten categories,
And corked an abstract conjurer in a bottle!
O this is he that disembodied matter,
And proved that incorporeal corporations
Put nothing in no platter,
And for mock turtle only supped sensations!

O this is he that palpably decided,
With grave and mathematical precision,
How often atoms may be subdivided
By long division;
O this is he that showed I is not I,
And made a ghost of personal identity;
Proved "Ipse" absent by an alibi,
And frisking in some other person's entity: —
He sounded all philosophies in truth,
Whether old schemes or only supplemental;
And had, by virtue of his wisdom-tooth,
A dental knowledge of the transcendental!

The other is a shrewd severer wight,
Sharp argument hath worn him nigh the bone:
For why? he never let dispute alone,
A logical knight-errant,
That wrangled ever — morning, noon, and night,
From night to morn: he had no wife apparent
But Barbara Celarent!
Woe unto him he caught in a dilemma,
For on the point of his two fingers full

He took the luckless wight, and gave with them a
Most deadly toss, like any baited bull.
Woe unto him that ever dared to breathe
A sophism in his angry ear! for *that*
He took ferociously between his teeth,
And shook it like a terrier with a rat! —
In fact, old Controversy ne'er begat
 One half so cruel
And dangerous as he, in verbal duel!
No one had ever so complete a fame
 As a debater;
And for art logical his name was greater
 Than Dr. Watts's name! —

Look how they sit together!
Two bitter desperate antagonists,
Licking each other with their tongues, like fists,
 Merely to settle whether
This world of ours had ever a beginning, —
 Whether created,
 Vaguely undated,
Or Time had any finger in its spinning:
When, lo! — for they are sitting at the basement —
A hand, like that upon Belshazzar's wall,
 Lets fall
A written paper through the open casement.

“O foolish wits! (thus runs the document)
To twist your brains into a double knot
On such a barren question! Be content

That there is such a fair and pleasant spot
 For your enjoyment as this verdant earth.
 Go eat and drink, and give your hearts to mirth,
 For vainly ye contend;
 Before you can decide about its birth,
 The world will have an end!"

DEATH IN THE KITCHEN.

"Are we not here now?" continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly on the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability) — "and are we not" (dropping his hat upon the ground) "gone? — In a moment!" — *Tristram Shandy*.

TRIM, thou art right! — 'T is sure that I,
 And all who hear thee, are to die.
 The stoutest lad and wench
 Must lose their places at the will
 Of Death, and go at last to fill
 The sexton's gloomy trench.

The dreary grave! — O, when I think
 How close ye stand upon its brink,
 My inward spirit groans!
 My eyes are filled with dismal dreams
 Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
 A charnel full of bones!

Yes, jovial butler, thou must fail,
 As sinks the froth on thine own ale;
 VOL. V. 6

Thy days will soon be done !
Alas ! the common hours that strike,
Are knells, for life keeps wasting, like
A cask upon the run.

Ay, hapless scullion ! 't is thy case,
Life travels at a scouring pace,
Far swifter than thy hand.
The fast-decaying frame of man
Is but a kettle or a pan,
Time wears away with — sand !

Thou need'st not, mistress cook ! be told,
The meat to-morrow will be cold
That now is fresh and hot :
E'en thus our flesh will, by and by,
Be cold as stone : — Cook, thou must die ;
There 's death within the pot.

Susannah, too, my lady's maid,
Thy pretty person once must aid
To swell the buried swarm !
The "glass of fashion" thou wilt hold
No more, but grovel in the mould,
That 's not the "*mould of form*" !

Yes, Jonathan, that drives the coach,
He too will feel the fiend's approach, —
The grave will pluck him down :
He must in dust and ashes lie,

And wear the churchyard livery,
Grass green, turned up with brown.

How frail is our uncertain breath !
The laundress seems full hale, but Death
Shall her "last linen" bring.
The groom will die, like all his kind ;
And e'en the stable boy will find
This life no *stable* thing.

Nay, see the household dog, — even that
The earth shall take ; — the very cat
Will share the common fall ;
Although she hold (the proverb saith)
A ninefold life, one single death
Suffices for them all !

Cook, butler, Susan, Jonathan,
The girl that scours the pot and pan,
And those that tend the steeds, —
All, all shall have another sort
Of *service* after this ; — in short —
The one the parson reads !

The dreary grave ! — O, when I think
How close ye stand upon its brink,
My inward spirit groans !
My eyes are filled with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones !

REFLECTIONS

ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Yes, yes, it's very true, and very clear!
By way of compliment and common chat,
It's very well to wish me a New Year;
But wish me a new hat!

Although not spent in luxury and ease,
In course a longer life I won't refuse;
But while you're wishing, wish me, if you please,
A newer pair of shoes!

Nay, while new things and wishes are afloat,
I own to one that I should not rebut, —
Instead of this old rent, to have a coat
With more of the New Cut!

O yes, 't is very pleasant, tho' I'm poor,
To hear the steeple make that merry din;
Except I wish one bell was at the door,
To ring new trousers in.

To be alive is very nice indeed,
Although another year at last departs;
Only with twelve new months I rather need
A dozen of new shirts.

Yes, yes, it's very true, and very clear,
By way of compliment and common chat,
It's very well to wish me a New Year,
But wish me a new hat!

LAMIA:
A ROMANCE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LAMIA was originally published in 1852, in the Appendix to the first volume of the "Autobiography of William Jerdan," and is thus alluded to in the text:—"I have a matter, as I venture to presume, of peculiar interest to relate, and which I cannot conveniently weave into my narrative, so near the close of the volume; I shall therefore, at the latest hour, beg for an allowance of time and credit, till my next *tome* appears, for their revelation. Mr. Canning's Lisbon mission will then also demand my illustration; and, in the mean while, not inconsistently with the literary and miscellaneous character of my autobiography, I offer as a reward for granting me this boon, and to enrich these concluding pages with a production that cannot fail to charm every reader of taste and intelligence where the English tongue is spoken, an unpublished work of my late lamented friend, THOMAS HOOD, whose memory will stand on a higher pinnacle with posterity for his serious and pathetic writings than even for those quaint and facetious performances by which he contributed so largely to the harmless mirth of his age, and in which he was unrivalled."

L A M I A .

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

APOLLONIUS, *a philosopher, a sophist, tutor to LYCIUS.*

LYCIUS, *a young man of noble birth, pupil to APOLLONIUS.*

MERCUTIUS, }
CURIO, }
GALLO, and }
others, }
 } *young wild gallants of Corinth.*

JULIUS, *brother to Lycius.*

DOMUS (*pro tempore*), *butler to LAMIA.*

PICUS (*pro tempore*), *steward to LAMIA.*

LAMIA, *an Enchantress, by nature a Serpent, but now under the disguise of a beautiful woman.*

THE SCENE IS IN OR NEAR CORINTH.

SCENE I.

A mossy Bank with Trees, on the high Road near Corinth.

Enter LAMIA.

LAMIA.

HERE I'll sit down and watch; till his dear foot
Pronounce him to my ear. That eager hope
Hath won me from the brook before I viewed
My unacquainted self. But yet it seemed
A most rare change, — and methinks the change
Has left the old fascination in my eyes.
Look, here's a shadow of the shape I am —
A dainty shadow! *[She sits down on the bank.]*

How fair the world seems now myself am fair!
 These dewy daffodils! these sweet green trees!
 I've coiled about their roots — but now I pluck
 Their drooping branches with this perfect hand!
 Sure those were Dryades
 That with such glancing looks peeped through the
 green

To gaze upon my beauty. [*LYCIUS enters and passes on
 without noting her.*]

Lycius! sweet Lycius! — what, so cruel still!
 What have I done thou ne'er wilt deign a look,
 But pass me like a worm?

LYCIUS.

Ha! who art thou? [*Looking back.*]

O goddess, (for there is no mortal tint,
 No line about thee lower than divine,) —
 What may that music mean, thy tuneful tongue
 Hath sent in chase of me? — I slight! I scorn thee!
 By all the light of day, till this kind hour
 I never saw that face! — nor one as fair.

LAMIA.

O fie, fie, fie! — what, have you never met
 That face at Corinth? — turned too oft towards you,
 Like the poor maiden's that adored Apollo: —
 You must have marked it! —

LYCIUS.

Nay, then hear me swear!

By all Olympus and its starry thrones —
 My eyes have never chanced so sweet a sight,
 Not in my summer dreams! —

LAMIA.

Enough, enough!—why then I've watched in
vain—
Tracked all your ways, and followed like your
shadow;
Hung you with blessings—haunted you with
love—
And waited on your aspect—all in vain!—
I might as well have spent my loving looks,
Like Ariadne, on the sullen sea,
And hoped for a reflection. Youth, farewell.

LYCIUS.

O not yet—not yet farewell!
Let such an unmatched vision still shine on,
Till I have set an impress in my heart
To cope with life's decay!

LAMIA.

You say but well.
I must soon hie me to my elements;
But take your pleasure at my looks till then.

LYCIUS.

You are not of this earth, then? [Sadly.

LAMIA.

Of this earth?
Why not? And of this same and pleasant isle.
My world is yours, and I would have no other.
One earth, one sea, one sky, in one horizon,
Our room is wide enough, unless you hate me.

LAMIA.

LYCIUS.

Hate you !

LAMIA.

Then you may wish to set the stars between us,
The dim and utter lamps of east and west.
So far you 'd have me from you.

LYCIUS.

Cruel Siren !

To set your music to such killing speech.
Look if my eyes turn from you — if my brows,
Or any hinting feature, show dislike.
Nay, hear my lips —

LAMIA.

If they will promise love
Or talk of it ; but chide, and you will kill me !

LYCIUS.

Then, love, speak forth a promise for thyself,
And all heaven's witnesses be by to hear thee.

LAMIA.

Hold, hold ! I 'm satisfied. You 'll love me, then ?

LYCIUS.

With boundless, endless love.

LAMIA.

Ay, give me much on't — for you owe me much,
If you knew all.
I've licked the very dust whereon you tread —

LYCIUS.

It is not true !

LAMIA.

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LAMIA.

I'll swear it, if you will. Jove heard the words,
And knows they are sadly true.

LYCIUS.

And this for me !

LAMIA.

Ay, sweet, and more. A poor, fond wretch, I
filled
The flowers with my tears ; and lay supine
In coverts wild and rank, — fens, horrid, desolate !
'T would shock your very soul if you could see
How this poor figure once was marred and vilified,
How grovelled and debased ; contemned and hated
By my own self, because, with all its charms,
It then could hope no favor in your eyes ;
And so I hid it,
With toads and newts, and hideous shiny things,
Under old ruins, in vile solitudes,
Making their haunts my own.

LYCIUS.

'T is strange and piteous. Why, then, you mad-
dened ?

LAMIA.

I was not quite myself — (not what I am) —
Yet something of the woman stayed within me,
To weep she was not dead.

LYCIUS.

Is this no fable ?

LAMIA.

O most distrustful Lycius! Hear me call
On Heaven anew for vouchers to these facts.

[It thunders.]

There! Couldst thou question that? Sweet skies,
I thank ye!
Now, Lycius, doubt me if you may or can;
And leave me if you will. I can but turn
The wretched creature that I was, again,
Crushed by our equal hate. Once more, farewell.

LYCIUS.

Farewell, but not till death. O gentlest, dearest,
Forgive my doubts. I have but paused till now
To ask if so much bliss could be no dream.
Now I am sure —
Thus I embrace it with my whole glad heart
Forever and forever; I could weep.
Thy tale hath shown me such a matchless love,
It makes the elder chronicles grow dim.

I always thought

I wandered all uncared for on my way,
Betide me good or ill — nor caused more tears
Than hung upon my sword. Yet I was hung
With dew, rich pearly dew — shed from such
spheres
As sprinkle them in amber. Thanks, bounteous
stars.

Henceforth you shall but rain your beams upon me
To bless my brightened days.

LAMIA.

O sweet! sweet! sweet!

To hear you parley thus and gaze upon you!

Lycius, dear Lycius!

But tell me, dearest, will you never — never

Think lightly of myself, nor scorn a love

Too frankly set before you! because 't was given

Unasked, though you should never give again;

Because it was a gift and not a purchase —

A boon, and not a debt; not love for love,

Where one half's due for gratitude.

LYCIUS.

Thrice gracious seems thy gift!

LAMIA.

O no! O no!

I should have made you wait, and beg, and kneel,

And swear as though I could but half believe

you;

I have not even stayed to prove your patience

By crosses and feigned slights — given you no

time

For any bribing gifts or costly shows.

I know you will despise me.

LYCIUS.

Never, never,

So long as I have sight within these balls,

Which only now I've learned to thank the gods
for.

LAMIA.

'Tis prettily sworn ; and frankly I'll believe you ;
 Now shall we on our way ? I have a house
 (Till now no home) within the walls of Corinth :
 Will you not master it as well as me ?

LYCIUS.

My home is in your heart ; but where you dwell,
 There is my dwelling-place. But let me bear
 you, sweet !

LAMIA.

No, I can walk, if you will charm the way
 With such discourse ; it makes my heart so light,
 I seem to have wings within ; or, if I tire,
 I'll lean upon you thus.

LYCIUS.

So lean forever ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Market-place at Corinth.

APOLLONIUS is discovered discoursing with various
 young Gallants, namely, MERCUTIUS, CURIO, &c.

APOLLONIUS.

Hush, sirs !
 You raise a tingling blush about my ears,
 That drink such ribaldry and wanton jests —
 For shame ! for shame ! —
 You misapply good gifts the gods have granted !

MERCUTIUS.

The gods have made us tongues — brains too, I
hope —

And time will bring us beards. You sages think
Minerva's owl dwells only in such bushes.

CURIO.

Ha! ha! Why, we'll have wigs upon our chins —
Long grizzled ones — and snarl about the streets,
Hugged up in pride and spleen like any mantle,
And be philosophers!

APOLLONIUS.

You will do wisely.

CURIO.

Ay — I hope — why not?
Though age has heaped no winter on our pates.
Is wisdom such a frail and spoiling thing
It must be packed in ice?

GALLO.

Or sopped in vinegar?

APOLLONIUS.

We would you were more gray —

MERCUTIUS.

Why, would you have us gray before our time?
O, Life's poor capital is too soon spent
Without discounting it. Pray do not grudge us
Our share; — a little wine — a little love —
A little youth! — a little, little folly,

Since wisdom has the gross. When they are past,
We'll preach with you, and call 'em vanities.

APOLLONIUS.

No!—leave that to your mummies. Sure your
act
Will purchase you an embalming. Let me
see!—

Here's one hath spent his fortune on a harlot,
And—if he kept to one it was a merit!—
The next has rid the world of so much wine—
Why that's a benefit. And you, Sir Plume,
Have turned your Tailor to a Senator,—
You've made no man the worse—(for manner's
sake
My speech exempts yourself). You've all done
well;
If not, your dying shall be placed to your credit.

CURIO.

You show us bravely,—could you ever praise one?

APOLLONIUS.

One? and no more! why then I answer, yes—
Or rather, no; for I could never praise him.
He's as beyond my praise as your complexion—
I wish you'd take a pattern!—

CURIO.

Of whose back, sir?

APOLLONIUS.

Ay, there you must begin and try to match

The very shadow of his virtuous worth,
Before you're half a man.

MERCUTIUS.

Who is this model?
An ape, — an Afric ape — what he and Plato
Conspire to call a Man.

APOLLONIUS.

Then you're a man already; but no model,
So I must set my own example up;
To show you Virtue, Temperance, and Wisdom,
And in a youth too! —
Not in a withered graybeard like myself,
In whom some virtues are mere worn-out vices,
And wisdom but a due and tardy fruit.
He, like the orange, bears both fruit and flower
Upon his odorous bough — the fair and ripe! —

CURIO.

Why, you can praise too!

APOLLONIUS.

As well as I dispraise: — They're both in one,
Since you're disparaged when I talk of graces.
For example, when I say that he I spoke of
Is no wild sin-monger — no sot — no dicer,
No blasphemmer o' th' gods — no shameless scoffer,
No ape — no braggart — no foul libertine —
O no —
He hugs no witching wanton to his heart,
He keeps no vices he's obliged to muffle; —

But pays a filial honor to gray hairs,
And guides him by that voice, Divine Philosophy.

GALLO.

Well, he's a miracle! — and what's he called?

ALL.

Ay, who is he? — who is he?

APOLLONIUS.

His name is Lycius.

CURIO.

Then he's coming yonder: —
Lord, how these island fogs delude our eyes!
I could have sworn to a girl too with him.

APOLLONIUS.

Ay, ay, — you know these eyes can shoot so far,
Or else the jest were but a sorry one.

CURIO.

Mercutius sees her too.

MERCUTIUS.

In faith, I do, sir.

APOLLONIUS.

Peace, puppies! — nine days hence you will see
truer.

CURIO.

Nay, but by all the gods —

GALLO.

We'll take our oath on 't.

APOLLONIUS.

Peace, peace! (*aside*) I see her too — This is
some mockery,
Illusion, damned illusion! —

What ho! Lycius!

[LYCIUS (*entering*) *wishes to pass aside.* LAMIA *clings close to him.*

LAMIA.

Hark! — who is that? — quick, fold me in your
mantle;
Don't let him see my face! —

LYCIUS.

Nay, fear not, sweet —
'T is but old Apollonius, my sage guide.

LAMIA.

Don't speak to him — don't stay him — let him
pass! —
I have a terror of those graybeard men, —
They frown on Love with such cold churlish brows,
That sometimes he hath flown! —

LYCIUS.

Ay, he will chide me;
But do not you fear aught. Why, how you tremble!

LAMIA.

Pray shroud me closer. I am cold, — death cold! —
[*Old APOLLONIUS comes up, followed by the Gallants.*

APOLLONIUS.

My son, what have you here?

LAMIA.

LYCIUS.

A foolish bird that flew into my bosom :—
You would not drive him hence ?

APOLLONIUS.

Well, let me see it ;

I have some trifling skill in augury,
And can divine you from its beak and eyes
What sort of fowl it is.

LYCIUS.

I have learned that, sir ; —
'Tis what is called — a dove — sacred to Venus :—
[*The Youths laugh and pluck APOLLONIUS by the sleeve*

APOLLONIUS.

Fool ! drive it out ! [*To LYCIUS.*

LYCIUS.

No, not among these hawks here.

APOLLONIUS.

Let's see it, then.

ALL.

Ay, ay, old Graybeard, you say well for once ;
Let's see it ; — let's see it ! —

APOLLONIUS.

And sure it is no snake — to suit the fable —
You've nestled in your bosom ?

LAMIA (*under the mantle*).

Lost ! lost ! lost ! —

MERCUTIUS.

Hark ! the dove speaks, — I knew it was a parrot ! —

APOLLONIUS.

Dear Lycius, — my own son (at least till now),
Let me forewarn you, boy! —

LYCIUS.

No, peace, I will not.

CURIO.

There spoke a model for you.

APOLLONIUS.

O Lycius, Lycius!
My eyes are shocked, and half my age is killed,
To see your noble self so ill accompanied! —

LYCIUS.

And, sir, my eyes are shocked too — Fie! is this
A proper retinue — for those gray hairs?
A troop of scoffing boys! — Sirs, by your leave
I must and will pass on. [To the Gallants.]

MERCUTIUS.

That as you can, sir —

LYCIUS.

Why then this arm has cleared a dozen such.
[They scuffle: in the tumult APOLLONIUS is overturned.]

APOLLONIUS.

Unhappy boy! — this overthrow's your own! —
[LYCIUS frees himself and LAMIA, and calls back.]

LYCIUS.

Lift — help him — pick him up! — fools — brag-
garts — apes —
Step after me who dares! — [Exit with LAMIA.]

LAMIA.

GALLO.

Whew! — here's a model! —
How fare you, sir (*to APOLLONIUS*) — your head?
— I fear
Your wisdom has suffered by this fall.

APOLLONIUS.

My heart aches more.
O Lycius! Lycius! —

CURIO.

Hark! he calls his model! —
'T was a brave pattern. We shall never match him.
Such wisdom and such virtues — in a youth too!
He keeps no muffled vices.

MERCUTIUS.

No! no! not he! —
Nor hugs no naughty wantons in his arms —

CURIO.

But pays a filial honor to gray hairs,
And listens to thy voice, — Divine Philosophy!
[They run off, laughing and mocking.]

APOLLONIUS.

You have my leave to jest. The gods unravel
This hellish witchery that hides my scholar!
O Lycius! Lycius! *[Exit APOLLONIUS.]*

SCENE III.

A rich Chamber, with Pictures and Statues.

Enter DOMUS unsteadily, with a flask in his hand.

DOMUS.

Here's a brave palace! [Looking round.

Why, when this was spread
Gold was as cheap as sunshine. How it's stuck
All round about the walls. Your health, brave
palace!

Ha! Brother Picus! Look! are you engaged too?

(Enter PICUS.)

Hand us your hand: you see I'm butler here.
How came you hither?

PICUS.

How? Why a strange odd man—
A sort of foreign slave, I think — addressed me
I' the market, waiting for my turn,
Like a beast of burthen, and hired me for this
service.

DOMUS.

So I was hired, too.

PICUS.

'T is a glorious house!
But come, let's kiss the lips of your bottle.

DOMUS.

Ay, but be modest: wine is apt to blush.

PICUS.

'T is famous beverage :
It makes me reel i' the head.

DOMUS.

I believe ye, boy.
Why, since I sipped it — (mind, I'd only sipped) —
I've had such glorious pictures in my brains —
Such rich rare dreams !
Such blooms, and rosy bowers, and tumbling foun-
tains,
With a score of moons shining at once upon me, —
I never saw such sparkling ! [Drinks]

PICUS.

Here's a vision !

DOMUS.

The sky was always bright ; or, if it gloomed,
The very storms came on with scented waters,
And, if it snowed, 't was roses ; claps of thunder
Seemed music, only louder ; nay, in the end,
Died off in gentle ditties. Then, such birds !
And gold and silver chafers bobbed about ;
And when there came a little gush of wind,
The very flowers took wing and chased the but-
terflies !

PICUS.

Egad, 't is very sweet. I prithee, dearest Domus,
Let me have one small sup !

DOMUS.

No ! hear me out.

The hills seemed made of cloud, bridges of rain-
bows,

The earth like trodden smoke.

Nothing at all was heavy, gross, or human :

Mountains, with climbing cities on their backs,

Shifted about like castled elephants ;

You might have launched the houses on the sea,

And seen them swim like galleys !

The stones I pitched i' the ponds would barely
sink —

I could have lifted them by tons ! *[Drinks.*

PICUS.

Dear Domus, let me paint, too — dear, dear Domus.

DOMUS.

Methought I was all air — Jove ! I was feared,

I had not flesh enough to hold me down

From mounting up to the moon.

At every step —

Bounce ! when I only thought to stride a pace,

I bounded thirty.

PICUS.

Thirty ! O, let me drink !

DOMUS.

And that too when I'd even eat or drank

At the rate of two meals to the hour ! *[Drinks.*

PICUS.

Two meals to the hour ! — nay, Domus — let me
drink,

Dear Domus, let me drink — before 't is empty ! —

DOMUS.

But then my fare was all so light and delicate,
 The fruits, the cakes, the meats so dainty frail,
 They would not bear a bite — no, not a munch,
 But melted away like ice. Come, here's the bottle!

PICUS.

Thanks, Domus — Pshaw, it's empty! — Well,
 who cares —
 There's something thin and washy after all
 In these poor visions. They all end in emptiness,
 Like this. [Turns down the bottle]

DOMUS.

Then fill again, boy, — fill again!
 And be —. I say, look there! —

PICUS.

It is our Lady!

[LAMIA enters leaning upon LYCIUS.]

DOMUS.

Our Lady's very welcome: (*bowing*) yours, my
 lady —
 Sir, your poor butler: (*to LYCIUS*) Picus — man
 — speak up,
 The very same that swam so in my dreams;
 I had forgot the goddess! —

LAMIA.

Peace, rude knave!
 You've tasted what belonged to nobler brains,
 And maddened! — My sweet love (*to LYCIUS*)
 't was kept for you,

'Tis nature's choicest vintage.

(to DOMUS) Drink no more, sir!
Except what I'll provide you.

DOMUS.

O sweet Lady!

Lord, and I had a cup I'd thank you in it! —
But you've been drunk — sweet lady — you've
been drunk!

Here's Master Picus knows — for we drunk you.

PICUS.

Not I, in faith.

LYCIUS.

Ha! ha! my gentle love,
Methinks your butler should have been your
steward.

DOMUS.

Why, you are merry, sir —
And well you may. Look, here's a house we've
come to!

O Jupiter!

Look, here are pictures, sir, and here's our statues! —

That's Bacchus! [Pointing.

And there's Apollo — just aiming at the serpent.

LAMIA.

Peace, fool — my dearest Lycius,
Pray send him forth.

LYCIUS.

Sirrah, take him off!

[To Steward.

LAMIA.

PICUS.

Fie, Domus, — know your place.

DOMUS.

My place, slave !

What, don't I know my place? [Falls on his back.
Ain't I the butler?

LYCIUS.

No more — no more — there — pull him out by
the heels —

[DOMUS is dragged out.

(To LAMIA.) My most dear love, — how fares it
with you now?

Your cheek is somewhat pale.

LAMIA.

Indeed, I'm weary,

We'll not stay here — I have some cheer provided
In a more quiet chamber. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

*A Street in Corinth; on one side a very noble building,
which is the residence of LAMIA. MERCUTIUS, with
the other Gallants, come and discourse in front of the
house.*

MERCUTIUS.

So, here they're lodged !

In faith a pretty nest !

GALLO.

The first that led us hither for revenge —
O brave Mercutius !

CURIO.

Now my humor's different,
For while there's any stone left in the market-place
That hurt these bones, when that pert chick o'er-
set us,
I'd never let him sleep! —

GALLO.

Nor I, by Nemesis!
I'd pine him to a ghost for want of rest.
To the utter verge of death.

MERCUTIUS.

And then you'd beat him.
Is that your noble mind?

GALLO.

Lo! here's a turncoat!
D'ye hear him, gentles? — he's come here to
fool us!

MERCUTIUS.

Nor I; but that I'm turned, I will confess it;
For as we came — in thinking over this —
Of Lycius, and the lady whom I glanced
Crouching within his mantle —
Her most distressful look came so across me —
Her death-white cheeks —
That I, for one, can find no heart to fret her.

CURIO.

Shall Lycius then go free?

MERCUTIUS.

Ay, for her sake: —
But do your pleasure; it is none of mine. [*Exit.*]

GALLO.

Why, a false traitor !

CURIO.

Sirs, I can expound him ;
He's smit,—he's passion-smit,— I heard him talk
Of her strange witching eyes,— such rare ones
That they turned him cold as stone.

GALLO.

Why let him go then, — but we'll to our own.

CURIO.

Ay, let's be plotting :
How we can vent our spite on this Sir Lycius —
I own it stirs my spleen, more than my bruises,
To see him fare so well—hang him !— a model !—
One that was perked too, underneath our noses,
For virtue and for temperance.
I have a scheme will grieve 'em without end :
I planned it by the way.
You know this fellow, Lycius, has a father
Some fifteen leagues away. We'll send him thither
By some most urgent message.

GALLO.

Bravely plotted :
His father shall be dying. Ah ! 't is excellent.
I long to attempt the lady ; — nay, we'll set
Mercutius, too, upon her ! Pray, let's to it.
Look ! here's old Ban-dog.

[APOLLONIUS *appears in the distance.*

CURIO.

Nay, but I will act
Some mischief ere I go. There's for thee, Lycius!
[He casts a stone through the window, and they run off.]

Enter APOLLONIUS.

APOLLONIUS.

Go to, ye silly fools! — Lo! here's a palace!
I have grown gray in Corinth, but my eyes
Never remember it. Who is the master?
Some one is coming forth. Lycius again!
*[LYCIUS comes out disordered, with his face flushed, and
reels up to APOLLONIUS.]*

LYCIUS.

Why, how now, Graybeard? What! are these
your frolics,
To sound such rude alarum in our ears?
Go to!

APOLLONIUS.

Son, do you know me?

LYCIUS.

Know you? Why?
Or how? You have no likeness in our skies!
Gray hairs and such sour looks! You'd be a
wonder!
We have nothing but bright faces. Hebes, Ve-
nuses;
No age, no frowns!
No wrinkle, but our laughter shakes in wine.
I wish you'd learn to drink.

APOLLONIUS.

O Lycius ! Lycius !

Would you had never learned to drink, except
those springs

We supped together ! These are mortal draughts ;
Your cup is drugged with death !

LYCIUS.

Grave sir, you lie !

I'm a young god. Look ! do you not behold
The new wings on my shoulders ? You may die ;
That moss upon your chin proclaims you're mortal,
And feel decays of age. But I'm renewable
At every draught I take ! Here, Domus ! Domus !

Enter DOMUS.

Bring a full cup of nectar for this churl. [*Exit DOMUS.*
'T will give you back your youth, sir, — ay, like
magic, —
And lift you o'er the clouds. You'll dream of
nothing
That's meaner than Olympus. Smiling goddesses
Will haunt you in your sleep. You'll walk on
flowers,
And never crush their heads.

Enter DOMUS with wine.

APOLLONIUS.

Peace, madman, peace !

None of your draughts for me, — your magic po-
tions,

That stuff your brains with such pernicious cheats!
I say, bear off the bowl!

LYCIUS.

What! — will he not? —
Then cast it over him — 't will do as well; —
He shall be a demi-god against his will.
Cast it, I say! — [To DOMUS.

DOMUS.

'T is such a sinful waste!
Why, there, then — there!
[He throws it over APOLLONIUS.
Look how it falls to the ground!
Lord, you might soak him in it year by year,
And never plump him up to a comely youth
Like you or me, sir! —

LYCIUS.

Let him go. Farewell! —
Look, foolish Graybeard, — I am going back
To what your wisdom scorned. A minute hence
My soul is in Elysium! [Exit with DOMUS.

APOLLONIUS.

Fool, farewell!
Why, I was sprinkled; yet I feel no wet.
'T is strange! — this is some magic, against which
Philosophy is proof. I must untangle it.
Hold! — [He stands in meditation.
I have it faintly dawning in my brain.
'T is somewhere in my books (which I'll refer to) —
Speaking of Nature's monstrous prodigies,

DOMUS.

Why you shall, boy ;
And have a leather jerkin — marry, shall you !
We need a helper sadly. I'm o'er-burdened
(You see how I am burdened) ; but I'll teach you
What manners you may want.

MERCUTIUS.

Well, I'm for you —
(I will dislike no place that brings me near her) —
Mind, you have listed me.

DOMUS.

And I can promise
You'll not dislike your fare — 'tis excellent, light
As well as savory, and will not stuff you ;
But when you've eat your stretch to the outer
button,
In half an hour you'll hunger. It is all feasting,
With barely a tithe of fasting. Then such drink-
ing !
There's such a cellar !
One hundred paces long (for I have paced it),
By about two hundred narrow. Come along, boy !
[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

*A Chamber in LAMIA'S House. LAMIA and LYCIUS
are discovered sitting on a couch.*

LAMIA.

Nay, sweet-lipped Silence,
'Tis now your turn to talk. I'll not be cheated
Of any of my pleasures; which I shall be,
Unless I sometimes listen.

LYCIUS.

Pray talk on,
A little further on. You have not told me
What country bore you, that my heart may set
Its name in a partial place. Nay, your own name—
Which ought to be my better word for beauty—
I know not.

LAMIA.

Wherefore should I talk of such things
I care not to remember? A lover's memory
Looks back no further than when love began,
As if the dawn o' the world.
As for my birth—suppose I like to think
That we were dropped from two strange several
stars
(Being thus meant for one), why should you wish
A prettier theory, or ask my name,
As if I did not answer, heart and eyes,
To those you call me by? In sooth, I will not
Provide you with a worse.

LYCIUS.

Then I must find it. Now I'm but puzzled
To compound sweet superlatives enough
In all the world of words.

[DOMUS enters boisterously with a letter.

DOMUS.

An express! an express!
Faith, I've expressed it. I did not even wait
To pry between the folds. [Aside.

[LYCIUS takes the letter, and reads in great agitation.

LAMIA watches him.

LAMIA.

Alas! what news is this? Lycius! dear Lycius!
Why do you clutch your brow so? What has
chanced

To stab you with such grief? Speak! speak!

LYCIUS.

My father!

LAMIA.

Dead?

LYCIUS.

Dying — dying — if not dead by this.
I must leave you instantly.

LAMIA.

Alas! I thought
This fair-eyed day would never see you from me!
But must you go, indeed?

LYCIUS.

I must! I must!
This is some fierce and fearful malady

To fall so sudden on him. Why, I left him,
No longer since — ay, even when I met you
We had embraced that morn.

LAMIA.

It was but yesterday !
How soon our bliss is marred ! And must you
leave me ?

LYCIUS.

O, do not ask again with such a look,
Or I shall linger here and pledge my soul
To everlasting shame and keen remorse !

LAMIA.

The Fates are cruel !
Yet let me cling to thee and weep awhile :
We may not meet again. I cannot feel
You are safe but in these arms ! [*She embraces him.*

LYCIUS.

I 'm split asunder
By opposite factions of remorse and love ;
But all my soul clings here.

DOMUS.

It makes me weep.
He will not see his father.

[LYCIUS casts himself on the couch.

LAMIA (*striking* DOMUS).

Wretch ! take that,
For harrowing up his griefs ! Dearest ! — my Ly-
cius !
Lean not your brow upon that heartless pillow !

LAMIA.

DOMUS.

How he groaned then!

LAMIA.

Lycius, you fright me!

You turn me cold!

LYCIUS (*rising up*).

O, in that brief rest,
I've had a waking vision of my father!
Even as he lay on his face and groaned for me,
And shed like bitter tears!
O how those groans will count in heaven against
me!
One for pain's cruelty, but two for mine,
That gave a sting to his anguish.
His dying breath will mount to the skies and curse
me.
His angered ghost
Will haunt my sight, and, when I'd look upon
you,
Step in like a blot between us.

LAMIA.

Go, go! or you will hate me. Go and leave me!
If I now strive by words or tears to stay you
For my pleasure's sake or pain's,
You'd say there was something brutal in my
nature
Of cold and fiendish, and unlike woman;
Some taint that devilish ——

Yet give me one long look before you go —
One last, long look ! *[She fixes her eyes on his.]*

LYCIUS.

O gods ! my spirit fails me,
And I have no strength to go, although I would !

LAMIA.

Perhaps he is dead already !

LYCIUS.

Ha ! Why, then,
What can I ? Or, if not, what can I still ?
Can I keep him from his urn ? or give him
breath ?
Or replenish him with blood ?

LAMIA.

Alas ! alas !
Would I had art or skill enough to heal him !

LYCIUS.

Ay, art and skill, indeed, do more than love
In such extremities. Stay ! here, hard by,
There dwells a learned and most renowned physi-
cian,
Hath wrought mere miracles.
Him I'll engage, armed with our vows and
prayers,
To spend his utmost study on my father,
And promptly visit him. A short farewell.
[Exit. DOMUS follows.]

LAMIA.

Farewell — be not o'erlong. It made me tremble
 That he should see his father! The oldest eyes
 Look through some fogs that young ones cannot
 fathom,
 And lay bare mysteries. Ah me! how frail
 Are my foundations! Dreams, mere summer
 dreams,
 Which, if a day-beam pierce, return to nothing!
 And let in sadder shows. A foot — so soon!
 Why, then, my wishes hold.

Enter DOMUS and PICUS.

DOMUS.

He's gone! he's gone!
 He had not snuffed the air, outside o' the gate,
 When it blew a change in his mind. He bade
 me tell you,
 A voice from the sky-roof, where the gods look
 down,
 Commanded him to his father.

LAMIA.

No more! no more!
 (The skies begin, then, to dispute my charms.)
 But did he ne'er turn back?

DOMUS.

Ay, more than twice
 He turned on his heel, and stood — then turned
 again,

And tramped still quicker as he got from hence,
Till at last he ran like a lapwing!

LAMIA.

This is a tale

Coined by the silly drunkard. You, sir, speak.
[To PICUS.]

PICUS.

Nay, by our troths —

LAMIA.

Then, sirrah, do not speak.

If such vile sense be truth, I've had too much on't.
Hence! fly! or I will kill you with a frown.
You've maddened me!

PICUS.

I saw her eyes strike fire!

[PICUS and DOMUS run out. LAMIA looks round the chamber.]

LAMIA.

Alone! alone!

Then, Lamia, weep and mend your shatter-web,
And hang your tears, like morning dew, upon it.
Look how your honey-bee has broken loose
Through all his meshes, and now wings away,
Showing the toils were frail. Ay, frail as gos-
samers
That stretch from rose to rose. Some adverse
power
Confronts me, or he could not tear them thus.
Some evil eye has pierced my mystery!

A blight is in its ken !
I feel my charms decay — my will's revoked —
And my keen sight, once a prophetic sense,
Is blinded with a cloud, horrid and black,
Like a veil before the face of Misery !

*Another Apartment in LAMIA'S House. Enter JULIUS
(LYCIUS'S brother) and DOMUS.*

JULIUS.

Rumor has not belied the house i' the least ;
'T is all magnificent. I pray you, sir,
How long has your master been gone ?

DOMUS.

About two quarts, sir ;
That is, as long as one would be a drinking 'em.
'T is a very little while since he set off, sir.

JULIUS.

You keep a strange reckoning.
Where is your mistress ? Will she see me ?

DOMUS.

Ay, marry ;
That is, if you meet ; for it is good broad daylight.

JULIUS.

This fellow's manners speak but ill for the house.
Go, sirrah, to your lady, with my message :
Tell her, one Julius, Lycius's best friend,
Desires a little converse.

[Aside.]

[Exit DOMUS.]

Now for this miracle, whose charms have bent
 The straightest stem of youth strangely awry—
 My brother Lycius!
 He was not use to let his inclination
 Thus domineer his reason: the cool, grave shade
 Of Wisdom's porch dwelt ever on his brow
 And governed all his thoughts, keeping his pas-
 sions
 Severely chastened. Lo! she comes. How won-
 drously
 Her feet glide o'er the ground. Ay, she is
 beautiful!
 So beautiful, my task looks stern beside her,
 And duty faints like doubt. [LAMIA enters.
 O thou sweet fraud!
 Thou fair excuse for sin, whose matchless cheek
 Vies blushes with the shame it brings upon thee,
 Thou delicate forgery of love and virtue,
 Why art thou as thou art, not what here seems
 So exquisitely promised?

LAMIA.

Sir, do you know me?
 If not — and my near eyes declare you strange —
 Mere charity should make you think me better.

JULIUS.

O would my wishful thought could think no
 worse
 Than I might learn by gazing.

Why are not those sweet looks — those heavenly
looks,
True laws to judge thee by, and call thee perfect ?
'T is pity, indeed 't is pity,
That anything so fair should be a fraud !

LAMIA.

Sir, I beseech you, wherefore do you hang
These elegies on me ? For pity's sake
What do you take me for ? No woman, sure,
By aiming thus to wound me (*weeping*).

JULIUS.

Ay, call these tears
Into your ready eyes ! I'd have them scald
Your cheeks until they fade, and wear your
beauty
To a safe and ugly ruin. Those fatal charms
Can show no sadder wreck than they have
brought
On many a noble soul, and noble mind.
Pray count me :
How many men's havocs might forerun the fall
Of my lost brother Lycius ?

LAMIA.

Are you his brother ?
Then I'll not say a word to vex you : not a look
Shall aim at your offence. You are come to
chide me,
I know, for winning him to sell his heart
At such a worthless rate. Yet I will hear you,

Patiently, thankfully, for his dear sake.
I will be as mild and humble as a worm
Beneath your just rebuke. 'Tis sure no woman
Deserved him ; but myself the least of all,
Who fall so far short in his value.

JULIUS.

She touches me ! [*Aside.*]

LAMIA.

Look, sir, upon my eyes. Are they not red ?
Within an hour I've rained a flood of tears.
To feel, to know
I am no better than the thing I am,
Having but just now learned to rate my vileness.
You cannot charge
My unworthy part so bitterly as I do.
If there's about me anything that's honest,
Of true and womanly, it belongs to Lycius,
And all the rest is Grief's.

JULIUS.

Then I'll not grieve you —
I came with frowns, but I depart in tears
And sorrow for you both ; for what he was,
And what you might have been — a pair of wonders,
The grace and pride of nature — now disgraced,
And fallen beyond redress.

LAMIA.

You wring my heart !

JULIUS.

Ay, if you think how you have made him stain
 The fair-blown pride of his unblemished youth,
 His studious years —
 And for what poor exchange? these fading
 charms —
 I will not say how frail.

LAMIA.

 O hold — pray hold !
 Your words have subtle cruel stings, and pierce
 More deeply than you aim! This sad heart
 knows
 How little of such wrong and spiteful ill
 Were in love's contemplation when it clasped
 him!
 Lycius and bliss made up my only thought;
 But now, alas!
 A sudden truth dawns on me, like a light
 Through the remainder tatters of a dream,
 And shows my bliss in shreds.

JULIUS.

 I pity you !
 Nay, doubtless, you will be, some wretched day,
 A perished cast-off weed when found no flower—
 Or else even then, his substance being gone,
 My brother's heart will break at your desertion.

LAMIA.

O never, never ! *[Fervently.]*
 Never, by holy truth ! while I am woman

Be false what may, at least my heart is honest.
 Look round you, sir; this wealth, such as it is,
 Once mine, is now all his; and when 't is spent,
 I'll beg for him, toil for him, steal for him!
 God knows how gladly I would share his lot
 This speaking moment in a humble shed,
 Like any of our peasants! — ay, lay these hands
 To rude and rugged tasks, expose these cheeks
 You are pleased to flatter, to the ardent sun;
 So we might only live in safe pure love
 And constant partnership — never to change
 In each other's hearts and eyes!

JULIUS.

You mend your fault.
 This late fragmental virtue much redeems you;
 Pray, cherish it. Hark! what a lawless riot.

[A loud boisterous shout is heard from below.]

O hope — Again! (*the noise renewed*) why then
 this is a triumph

Of your true fame, which I had just mistaken;
 Shame on thee, smooth dissembler — shame upon
 thee!

Is this the music of your songs of sorrow,
 And well-feigned penitence — lo! here, are these
 Your decent retinue —

Enter the wild Gallants, flushed with wine.

LAMIA.

Sir, by heaven's verity
 I do not know a face! *indeed I do not*;
 They are strange to me as the future.

LAMIA.

CURIO.

Then the future
Must serve us better, chuck. Here, bully mates,
These, lady, are my friends, and friends of Lycius!

JULIUS.

Is it so? — then Lycius is fallen indeed!

CURIO.

Ay, he has had his trip — as who has not, sir?
I'll warrant you've had your stumbles.

JULIUS.

Once — on an ape.
Get out o' the way of my shins. [*Going.*]

LAMIA.

Sir, dearest sir,
In pity do not go, for your brother's sake,
If not for mine — take up my guardianship,
'Gainst these ungentle men. [*She lays hold of JULIUS.*]

JULIUS.

Off, wanton, off!
Would you have me of your crew, too?
[*Exit roughly.*]

GALLO.

Let him go! —
He has a graft in him of that sour crab,
The Apollonius — let him go, a churl!

CURIO.

Sweet lady, you look sad — fie, it was ill done of
Lycius,

To leave his dove so soon — but he has some
swan
At nest in another place.

GALLO.

I 'll bet my mare on't.

LAMIA.

Kind sirs, indeed I 'm sorry
Your friend 's not here. If he were by,
He would help you to your welcome.

CURIO.

We 've no doubt on't;
[*Bitterly.*

But we 'll not grieve, since here we are quiet
enough
For any merriment.

GALLO.

And as for a welcome,
We 'll acknowledge it on your cheer.

LAMIA.

Then that 's but sorry, sir,
If you mean what lies in my heart.

GALLO.

No, no in faith,
We mean what lies in your cellar — wine, rare
wine,
We will pledge you in floods on't, and when
knocked off our legs,
Adore you on our knees.

LAMIA.

Hear me, sweet gentles,
 How you shall win my favor. Set to work and
 copy —
 Be each a Lycius.

GALLO.

Lycius, forsooth! hang him!
 A model again! the perfect model.

CURIO.

As if we could not match his vices!
 Pray ask your Lycius, when he's new come back,
 (If ever he come back,)
 What his father ailed, or if he ailed at all,
 And how it ailed too, that his brother Julius
 Got no such forged advice.

GALLO.

It had charmed your heart to see how swift he ran,
 (Whether to get from hence or gain elsewhere,
 I know not,) but I never saw such striving,
 Save at the Olympic games to win the goal.

(ALL.)

Ha! ha! ha!

LAMIA.

Laugh on, I pray, laugh on. Ye puny spites!
 You think to fret me with these ill-coined tales;
 But look, I join in your glee, [*She attempts to laugh.*
 Or, if I cannot, 't is because I'm choked with a
 curse. *[She hurries out.*

GALLO.

It works! it wings her! What shall we next?
Follow her, or carry her off?

CURIO.

These are too violent,
And perilous to ourselves; but I will fit
Our revenge to its other half. Sir Lycius now
Must have the green eye set in his head, and then
They'll worry each other's hearts without our help.
Julius or Apollonius will be our ready organs
To draw his ear.

GALLO.

'T is plausible, and cannot fail to part 'em,
And when he has shaken her from off his bough
It needs she must fall to us.

CURIO.

I wonder where
That poor sick fool Mercutius is gone?
He hath a chance now.

GALLO.

Methought I glanced him
Below, and, forsooth, disguised as a serving-man;
But he avoided me.

CURIO.

The subtle fox!
Let us go beat him up. *[Exeunt, hallooing.]*

SCENE VI.

The Street before LAMIA'S House. Enter APOLLONIUS with JULIUS.

APOLLONIUS.

I say she is a snake —

JULIUS.

And so say I.

APOLLONIUS.

But not in the same sense —

JULIUS.

No, not exactly.

You take that literal, which I interpret
But as a parable—a figure feigned
By the elder sages (much inclined to mark
Their subtle meanings in dark allegories)
For those poisonous natures—those bewitching
sins —

That, armed and guarded with a woman's husk,
But viperous within, seduce young hearts,
And sting where they are cherished.

APOLLONIUS.

Your guess is shrewd ;

Nay, excellent enough to have been my own.
But, hark you, I have read in elder oracles
Than ever you will quote, the fact which backs
me.

In Greece, in the midst of Greece, it hath been
 known,
 And attested upon oath, i' the faith of multitudes,
 That such true snakes have been — real hissing
 serpents,
 Though outwardly like women.
 With one of such, a youth, a hopeful youth,
 Sober, discreet, and able to subdue
 His passions otherwise — even like our Lycius —
 For a fortnight lived, in a luxury of wealth,
 Till suddenly she vanished, palace and all,
 Like the shadow of a cloud.

JULIUS.

The dainty fable!
 But now unto the proof. Methinks this sounds
 Like a real door (*knocking*); a cloud scarce wars
 so,
 But when Jove strikes it with a thunderbolt.
 I'll tell you, sir,
 She is a wanton, and that's quite enough
 To perish a world of wealth. [*PICUS comes to the door.*
 Ho, sirrah! fellow!
 Is your lady now within?

PICUS.

No, sir, she's out.
 Something hath put her out — she will see no-
 body.
 She's ill, she's grievous bad — her head won't
 bear
 The rout of company. [*A loud shout within.*

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 bear
 The rout of company. [*A loud shout within.*

APOLLONIUS.

Why, then, I think
 The medical conclave might observe more quiet.
 Look, knave! are these her grave, her learned
 physicians?
 Well met, sirs.

[Another shout, and CURIO, etc., issue forth.]

CURIO.

That's as may be. Ha! old mastiff!
 Go to your kennel.

JULIUS.

You are just in time, sirs,
 To settle our dispute: we have a gage on't,
 The sophist here and I.
 There is one lives in that house— (*pointing to*
LAMIA's)—how would you call her?
 A woman?

CURIO.

Ay; and sure a rare one,
 As I have proved upon her lips.

[LAMIA opens a window gently, and listens.]

GALLO.

Ay, marry, have we!
 She was kind enough, for our poor sakes, to send
 One Lycius, her late suitor, on an errand
 That will make him footsore.

CURIO.

Yes, a sort of summons
 Cunningly forged to bid him haste to his father,

Who lay in the jaws of death. Lord, how he'll
 swear
 To find the old cock quite well !

JULIUS.

This is too true. [*To APOLLONIUS.*
 I left our father but this very morn
 The halest of old men. He was then on his way
 Toward this city, on some state affair.
 They'll encounter upon the road !

APOLLONIUS.

Here is some foul and double damned deception.
 [*LAMBIA, by signs, assents to this reflection.*
 I'll catechise myself. Here, sir — you — you —
 [*To CURIO.*
 Who have gazed upon this witch, touched her,
 and talked with her,
 How know you she is woman, flesh and blood,
 True clay and mortal lymph, and not a mockery
 Made up of infernal elements of magic ?
 Canst swear she is no cloud — no subtle ether —
 No fog, bepainting with deluding dyes —
 No cheating underplot — no covert shape,
 Making a filthy masquerade of nature ?
 I say, how know ye this ?

CURIO.

How ? by my senses.
 If I nipped her cheek, till it brought the white
 and red,
 I wot she is no fog.

APOLLONIUS.

Fie on the senses!

What are the senses but our worst arch-traitors?
 What is a madman but a king betrayed
 By the corrupted treason of his senses?
 His robe a blanket, and his sceptre a straw,
 His crown his bristled hair.

Fie on the shallow senses! What doth swear
 Such perjuries as the senses?—what gave birth
 To such false rumors, and base verdicts render
 In the very spite of truth? Go to: thy senses
 Are bond-slaves, both to madness and to magic,
 And all the mind's disease. I say the senses
 Deceive thee, though they say a stone's a stone.
 And thou wilt swear by them an oath, forsooth,
 And say the outer woman is utter woman,
 And not a whit a snake! Hark! there's my an-
 swer.

[LAMIA closes the window violently.

That noise shall be my comment.

GALLO.

He talks in riddles,
 Like a sphinx lapped in a blanket. Gentles —
 Curio —
 Let us leave him to his wisdom.

APOLLONIUS.

Ay, I'll promise
 'T will dive far deeper than your feather wits
 Into some mysteries.

[Going toward the door.

CURIO.

There 's one I know in her house,
By name Mercutius, a most savage fellow :
I commend ye to his wrath.

[*Exeunt* CURIO, GALLO, *etc.*]

APOLLONIUS.

So, get ye gone,
Ye unregarded whelps.

JULIUS.

But will you in,
Whether she will or no ?

APOLLONIUS.

Indeed I mean it.
Sirrah (*to PICUS*), lead on. I'll charge you with
your message. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

*A Chamber in LAMIA'S House. Enter MERCUTIUS
in a distracted manner.*

MERCUTIUS.

Where is this haunting witch? Not here! not
here! —
Why then for a little rest and unlooked calm —
Ay, such a calm
As the shipmate curses on the stagnate sea
Under the torrid zone, that bakes his deck
Till it burns the sole of his foot. My purpose
idles,

But my passions burn without pause ; O how this
hot

And scarlet plague runs boiling through my veins
Like a molten lava ! I'm all parched up.

There's not a shady nook throughout my brain
For a quiet thought to lie — no, not a spring
Of coolness left in my heart. If I have any name,
It is Fever, who is all made up of fire,
Of pangs — deliriums — raving ecstasies —
And desperate impulse. Ha ! a foot ! — I know
it ! —

Now then, I'll ambush here, and come upon her
Like a wild boar from a thicket.

[He hides himself behind an arras: LAMIA enters, holding her forehead betwixt her palms.]

LAMIA.

This should be a real head, or 't would not throb so ;
Who ever doubts it ?

I would he had these racking pains within ;
Ay, and those he hath set in my heart, to drive
him mad.

How now, sir !

(Enter PICUS.)

PICUS.

There are two below beseech you
For a conference. The one's a wrinkled graybeard,
The other —

LAMIA.

You need not name. I will see neither ;
And tell them — look — with a copy of this frown,

If they congregate again beneath my eaves,
I have that will hush their twitting. [*Ezra Picus.*]

Why must I reap
These unearned spite where I have sown no hate?
Do the jealous gods
Stir up these cankered spirits to pursue me?
Another! (*MERCUTIUS comes forward.*) What
brings thee hither?

MERCUTIUS (gloomily).

I do not know —
If love or hate — indeed I do not know —
Or whether a twine of both — they're so entangled.
Mayhap to clasp thee to my heart, and kiss thee,
To fondle thee, or tear thee, I do not know:
Whether I come to die, or work thy death,
Whether to be thy tyrant or thy slave,
In truth, I do not know.
But that some potent yearning draws me to thee,
Something, as if those lips were rich and tempting,
And worthy of caressing — fondly endeared —
And something as if a tortured devil within me
Sought revenge of his pangs: I cannot answer
Which of these brings me hither.

LAMIA.

Then prithee hence,
Till that be analyzed.

MERCUTIUS.

Ha! ha! turn back:
Why if I am a tiger — here's my prey —

Or if the milk-mild dove — here is my choice —
Do you think I shall turn back howe'er it be?
Let the embrace prove which. Nay, do not
shrink,
If an utter devil press into thy arms,
Thyself invoked him!

LAMIA.

Ah! I know by this
Your bent is evil!

MERCUTIUS.

Then 't was evil born!
As it works 'twas wrought on — look — say what
I am,
For I have no recognizance of myself.
Am I wild beast or man — civil or savage —
Reasoning or brutal — or gone utter mad —
So am I as thou turned me — hellish or heavenly,
The slavish subject of thy influence —
I know not what I am — nor how I am,
But by thy own enforcement — come to force thee,
Being passion-mad.

LAMIA.

How have I brought thee hither?
I would thou wert away!

MERCUTIUS.

Why dost thou sit then
I' the middle of a whirlpool drawing me unto thee;
My brain is dizzy, and my heart is sick,

With the circles I have made round thee and
round thee!
Till I dash into thy arms!

/ LAMIA.

There shalt thou never!
Go! desperate man; away! — and fear thy gods,
Or else the hot indignation in my eyes
Will blast thee. O, beware! I have within me
A dangerous nature, which, if thou provoke,
Acts cruelty. Ne'er chafe me; thou hadst better
Ruffle a scorpion than the thing I am!
Away!
Or I'll bind thy bones till they crack!

MERCUTIUS.

Ha! ha! dost threaten?
Why then come ruin, anguish or death,
Being goaded onward by my headlong fate
I'll elasp thee! —
Though there be sugared venom on thy lips
I'll drink in to the dregs — though there be
plagues
In thy contagious touch — or in thy breath
Putrid infections — though thou be more cruel
Than lean-ribbed tigers — thirsty and open-fanged,
I will be as fierce a monster for thy sake,
And grapple thee.

LAMIA.

Would Lycius were here!

MERCUTIUS.

Ha! wouldst thou have him gashed and torn in
strips

As I would scatter him? then so say I,
“Would Lycius were here!” I have oft clenched
My teeth in that very spite.

LAMIA.

Thou ruthless devil!
To bear him so bloody a will! — Why then, come
hither,
We are a fit pair.

[MERCUTIUS embracing her, she stabs him in the back
with a small dagger.

MERCUTIUS (*fainting*).

O thou false witch!
Thou hast pricked me to the heart! Ha! what a
film
Falls from my eyes! or have the righteous gods
Transformed me to a beast for this! Thou crawl-
ing spite,
Thou hideous — venomous —

[Dies.

LAMIA.

Let the word choke thee!
I know what I am. Thou wilful, desperate fool
To charge upon the spikes! — thy death be upon
thee! —
Why wouldst thou have me sting? Heaven
knows I had spared thee,
But for thy menace of a dearer life.
O Lycius! Lycius!

I have been both woman and serpent for thy
sake —

Perchance to be scorned in each : — I have but
gored

This ill-starred man in vain ! — hush, methought
he stirred ;

I'll give him another thrust (*stabs the body*) ; there
— lie thou quiet.

What a frown he hath upon his face ! May the
gods ne'er mention it

In their thunders, nor set the red stain of his blood
For a sign of wrath in the sky ! — O thou poor
wretch !

Not thee, dull clod ! — but for myself I weep —
The sport of malicious destinies !

Why was I heiress of these mortal gifts,
Perishing all whether I love or hate ?

Nay, come out of sight [*To the body.*

With thy dismal puckering look — 't will fright the
world

Out of its happiness.

[*She drags the body aside, and covers it with drapery.*

Would I could throw

A thicker curtain on thee — but I see thee

All through and through, as though I had

The eyes of a god within ; alas, I fear

I am here all human, and have that fierce thing,

They call a conscience ! [*Exit.*

THE EPPING HUNT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

STRIDING in the Steps of Strutt,—the historian of the old English Sports,—the author of the following pages has endeavored to record a yearly revel, already fast hastening to decay. The Easter Chase will soon be numbered with the pastimes of past times: its dogs will have had their day, and its Deer will be Fallow. A few more seasons, and this City Common Hunt will become uncommon.

In proof of this melancholy decadence, the ensuing epistle is inserted. It was penned by an underling at the Wells, a person more accustomed to riding than writing.

"SIR : — About the Hunt. In anser to your Innqueries, their as been a great falling off laterally, so much so this year that there was nobody allmost. We did a mear nothing provisionally, hardly a Bottle extra, wich is a proof in Pint. In short our Hunt may be sad to be in the last Stag of a decline.

"I am, Sir,

"With respects from

"Your humble Servant,

"BARTHOLOMEW RUTT."

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The publisher begs leave to say, that he has had the following letter from the author of this little book :—

“DEAR SIR :—I am much gratified to learn from you that the Epping Hunt has had *such a run*, that it is *quite exhausted*, and that you intend therefore to give the work what may be called ‘*second wind*,’ by a new Impression.

“I attended the last Anniversary of the Festival, and am concerned to say that the sport does not improve, but appears an ebbing as well as Epping custom. The run was miserable indeed ; but what was to be expected ? The chase was a Doe, and, consequently, the Hunt set off with the *Hind* part before. It was, therefore, quite in character, for so many Nimrods to start, as they did, before the hounds, but which, as you know, is quite contrary to the *Lex Tallyho-nis*, or Laws of Hunting.

“I dined with the Master of the Revel, who is as hale as ever, and promises to reside some time in the *Wells* ere he *kicks the bucket*. He is an honest, hearty, worthy man, and when he dies there will be ‘a cry of dogs’ in his kennel.

“I am, dear Sir,

“Yours, &c.

“T. HOOD.”

“WINCHMORE HILL, June, 1830.”

THE EPPING HUNT.

"On Monday they began to hunt." — CHERRY CRASS.

JOHN HUGGINS was as bold a man
As trade did ever know ;
A warehouse good he had, that stood
Hard by the church of Bow.

There people bought Dutch cheeses round,
And single Glo'ster flat ;
And English butter in a lump,
And Irish — in a *pat*.

Six days a week beheld him stand,
His business next his heart,
At *counter*, with his apron tied
About his *counter-part*.

The seventh, in a Sluice-house box
He took his pipe and pot ;
On Sundays, for *eel-piety*,
A very noted spot.

Ah, blest if he had never gone
Beyond its rural shed !
One Easter-tide, some evil guide
Put Epping in his head !

Epping, for butter justly famed,
And pork in sausage popped ;
Where, winter time or summer time,
Pig's flesh is always *chopped*.

But famous more, as annals tell,
Because of Easter chase ;
There every year, 'twixt dog and deer,
There is a gallant race.

With Monday's sun John Huggins rose,
And slapped his leather thigh,
And sang the burden of the song,
" This day a stag must die."

For all the livelong day before,
And all the night in bed,
Like Beckford, he had nourished " Thoughts
On Hunting " in his head.

Of horn and morn, and hark and bark,
And echo's answering sounds,
All poets' wit hath ever writ
In *dog-rel* verse of *hounds*.

Alas! there was no warning voice
To whisper in his ear,
Thou art a fool in leaving *Cheep*
To go and hunt the *deer*!

No thought he had of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs;
Not *chicken-hearted* he, although
T was whispered of his *eggs*!

Ride out he would, and hunt he would,
Nor dreamt of ending ill;
Mayhap with Dr. *Ridout's* fee,
And Surgeon *Hunter's* bill.

So he drew on his Sunday boots,
Of lustre superfine;
The liquid black they wore that day
Was *Warren*-ted to shine.

His yellow buckskins fitted close,
As erst upon a stag;
Thus well equipped, he gayly skipped,
At once, upon his nag.

But first to him that held the rein
A crown he nimbly flung;
For holding of the horse? — why, no —
For holding of his tongue.

To say the horse was Huggins' own
Would only be a brag;
His neighbor Fig and he went halves,
Like Centaurs, in a nag.

And he that day had got the gray,
Unknown to brother cit;
The horse he knew would never tell,
Although it was a *tiz*.

A well-bred horse he was, I wis,
As he began to show,
By quickly "rearing up within
The way he ought to go."

But Huggins, like a wary man,
Was ne'er from saddle cast;
Resolved, by going very slow,
On sitting very fast.

And so he jogged to Tot'n'am Cross,
An ancient town well known,
Where Edward wept for Eleanor
In mortar and in stone.

A royal game of fox and goose,
To play on such a loss;
Wherever she set down her *orts*,
Thereby he put a *cross*.

Now Huggins had a crony here,
That lived beside the way ;
One that had promised sure to be
His comrade for the day.

Whereas the man had changed his mind
Meanwhile upon the case !
And meaning not to hunt at all,
Had gone to Enfield Chase !

For why, his spouse had made him vow
To let a game alone,
Where folks that ride a bit of blood
May break a bit of bone.

“ Now, be his wife a plague for life !
A coward sure is he ! ”
Then Huggins turned his horse’s head,
And crossed the bridge of Lea.

Thence slowly on through Laytonstone,
Past many a Quaker’s box, —
No Friends to hunters after deer,
Though followers of a *Fox*.

And many a score behind — before —
The self-same route inclined ;
And minded all to march one way,
Made one great march of mind.

Gentle and simple, he and she,
And swell, and blood, and prig;
And some had carts, and some a chaise,
According to their gig.

Some long-eared jacks, some knacker's hacks
(However odd it sounds),
Let out that day to *Hunt*, instead
Of going to the hounds!

And some, had horses of their own,
And some were forced to job it:
And some, while they inclined to *Hunt*,
Betook themselves to *Cob-it*.

All sorts of vehicles and vans,
Bad, middling, and the smart;
Here rolled along the gay barouche,
And there a dirty cart!

And lo! a cart that held a squad
Of costermonger line;
With one poor hack, like Pegasus,
That slaved for all the Nine!

Yet marvel not at any load
That any horse might drag;
When all, that morn, at once were drawn
Together by a stag.

Now when they saw John Huggins go
At such a sober pace ;
“ Hallo ! ” cried they ; “ come, trot away,
You ’ll never see the chase ! ”

But John, as grave as any judge,
Made answer quite as blunt ;
“ It will be time enough to trot,
When I begin to hunt ! ”

And so he paced to Woodford Wells,
Where many a horseman met,
And letting go the *reins*, of course,
Prepared for *heavy wet*.

And lo ! within the crowded door,
Stood Rounding, jovial elf ;
Here shall the Muse frame no excuse,
But frame the man himself.

A snow-white head, a merry eye,
A cheek of jolly blush ;
A claret tint laid on by health,
With master Reynard’s brush ;

A hearty frame, a courteous bow,
The prince he learned it from ;
His age about threescore and ten,
And there you have Old Tom.

In merriest key I trow was he,
So many guests to boast ;
So certain congregations meet,
And elevate the host.

"Now welcome, lads," quoth he, "and prads,
You 're all in glorious luck :
Old Robin has a run to-day,
A noted forest buck.

Fair Mead 's the place, where Bob and Tom,
In red already ride ;
'T is but a *step*, and on a horse,
You soon may go *a-stride*."

So off they scampered, man and horse,
As time and temper pressed —
But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branched off from all the rest.

Howbeit he tumbled down in time
To join with Tom and Bob,
All in Fair Mead, which held that day
Its own fair meed of mob.

Idlers to wit — no Guardians some,
Of Tattlers in a squeeze ;
Ramblers in heavy carts and vans,
Spectators, up in trees.

Butchers on backs of butchers' hacks,
That shambl'd to and fro!
Bakers intent upon a buck,
Neglectful of the *dough*!

Change Alley Bears to speculate,
As usual, for a fall;
And green and scarlet runners, such
As never climbed a wall!

'T was strange to think what difference
A single creature made;
A single stag had caused a whole
Stagnation in their trade.

Now Huggins from his saddle rose,
And in the stirrups stood;
And lo! a little cart that came
Hard by a little wood.

In shape like half a hearse, — though not
For corpses in the least;
For this contained the *deer alive*,
And not the *deer deceased*!

And now began a sudden stir,
And then a sudden shout,
The prison doors were opened wide,
And Robin bounded out!

His antlered head shone blue and red,
Bedecked with ribbons fine ;
Like other bucks that comes to 'list
The hawbucks in the line.

One curious gaze of mild amaze,
He turned and shortly took :
Then gently ran adown the mead,
And bounded o'er the brook.

Now Huggins, standing far aloof,
Had never seen the deer,
Till all at once he saw the beast
Come charging in his rear.

Away he went, and many a score
Of riders did the same,
On horse and ass, — like High and Low
And Jack pursuing Game !

Good lord ! to see the riders now,
Thrown off with sudden whirl,
A score within the purling brook,
Enjoyed their "early purl."

A score were sprawling on the grass,
And beavers fell in showers ;
There was another *Floorer* there,
Beside the Queen of Flowers !

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to show ;
But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in *Statue quo*.

"O dear! O dear!" now might you hear,
"I've surely broke a bone ;"
"My head is sore"—with many more
Such speeches from the *thrown*.

Howbeit their wailings never moved
The wide Satanic clan,
Who grinned, as once the Devil grinned,
To see the fall of Man.

And hunters good, that understood,
Their laughter knew no bounds,
To see the horses "throwing off,"
So long before the hounds.

For deer must have due course of law,
Like men the Courts among ;
Before those Barristers the dogs
Proceed to "giving tongue."

But now Old Robin's foes were set
That fatal taint to find,
That always is scent after him,
Yet always left behind.

And here observe how dog and man
A different temper shows :
What hound resents that he is sent
To follow his own nose ?

Towler and Jowler — howlers all,
No single tongue was mute ;
The stag had led a hart, and lo !
The whole pack followed suit.

No spur he lacked ; fear stuck a knife
And fork in either haunch ;
And every dog he knew had got
An eye-tooth to his paunch !

Away, away ! he scudded like
A ship before the gale ;
Now flew to "hills we know not of,"
Now, nun-like, took the vale.

Another squadron charging now,
Went off at furious pitch ; —
A perfect Tam O'Shanter mob,
Without a single witch.

But who was he with flying skirts,
A hunter did indorse,
And, like a poet, seemed to ride
Upon a winged horse ?

A whipper-in? no whipper-in:

A huntsman? no such soul:

A connoisseur, or amateur?

Why, yes — a Horse Patrol.

A member of police, for whom

The county found a nag,

And, like Actæon in the tale,

He found himself in stag!

Away they went, then, dog and deer,

And hunters all away;

The maddest horses never knew

Mad staggers such as they!

Some gave a shout, some rolled about,

And anticked as they rode;

And butchers whistled on their curs,

And milkmen *tally-ho'd!*

About two score there were, or more,

That galloped in the race;

The rest, alas! lay on the grass,

As once in Chevy Chase!

But even those that galloped on

Were fewer every minute;

The field kept getting more select,

Each thicket served to thin it.

For some pulled up, and left the hunt,
Some fell in miry bogs,
And vainly rose and "ran a muck,"
To overtake the dogs.

And some, in charging hurdle stakes,
Were left bereft of sense ;
What else could be premised of blades
That never learned to fence ?

But Roundings, Tom and Bob, no gate,
Nor hedge, nor ditch could stay ;
O'er all they went, and did the work
Of leap-years in a day !

And by their side see Huggins ride,
As fast as he could speed ;
For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
At mercy of his steed.

No means he had, by timely check,
The gallop to remit,
For, firm and fast, between his teeth,
The biter held the bit.

Trees raced along, all Essex fled
Beneath him as he sate ;
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate !

“ Hold hard ! hold hard ! you ’ll lame the dogs ! ”
Quoth Huggins, “ so I do ;
I ’ve got the saddle well in hand,
And hold as hard as you ! ”

Good lord ! to see him ride along,
And throw his arms about,
As if with stitches in the side
That he was drawing out !

And now he bounded up and down,
Now like a jelly shook ;
Till bumped and galled — yet not where Gall
For bumps did ever look !

And rowing with his legs the while,
As tars are apt to ride ;
With every kick he gave a prick
Deep in the horse’s side !

But soon the horse was well avenged
For cruel smart of spurs,
For, riding through a moor, he pitched
His master in a furze !

Where, sharper set than hunger is,
He squatted all forlorn ;
And, like a bird, was singing out
While sitting on a thorn !

Right glad was he, as well might be,
Such cushion to resign :
" Possession is nine points," but his
Seems more than ninety-nine.

Yet worse than all the prickly points
That entered in his skin,
His nag was running off the while
The thorns were running in !

Now had a Papist seen his sport,
Thus laid upon the shelf,
Although no horse he had to cross,
He might have crossed himself.

Yet surely still the wind is ill
That none can say is fair ;
A jolly wight there was that rode
Upon a sorry mare !

A sorry mare, that surely came
Of pagan blood and bone ;
For down upon her knees she went
To many a stock and stone !

Now seeing Huggins' nag adrift,
This farmer, shrewd and sage,
Resolved, by changing horses here,
To hunt another stage !

Though felony, yet who would let
Another's horse alone,
Whose neck is placed in jeopardy
By riding on his own?

And yet the conduct of the man
Seemed honest-like and fair;
For he seemed willing, horse and all,
To go before the *mare*!

So up on Huggins horse he got,
And swiftly rode away,
While Huggins mounted on the mare,
Done brown upon a bay!

And off they set in double chase,
For such was fortune's whim,
The farmer rode to hunt the stag,
And Huggins hunted him!

Alas! with one that rode so well
In vain it was to strive;
A dab was he, as dabs should be —
All leaping and alive!

And here of Nature's kindly care
Behold a curious proof,
As nags are meant to leap, she puts
A frog in every hoof!

Whereas the mare, although her share
She had of hoof and frog,
On coming to a gate stopped short
As stiff as any log ;

While Huggins in the stirrup stood
With neck like neck of crane,
As sings the Scottish song — “ to see
The *gate* his *hart* had gane.”

And, lo ! the dim and distant hunt
Diminished in a trice :
The steeds, like Cinderella’s team,
Seemed dwindling into mice ;

And, far remote, each scarlet coat
Soon flitted like a spark —
Though still the forest murmured back
An echo of the bark !

But sad at soul John Huggins turned :
No comfort could he find ;
While thus the “ Hunting Chorus ” sped,
To stay five bars behind.

For though by dint of spur he got
A leap in spite of fate —
Howbeit there was no toll at all,
They could not clear the gate.

And, like Fitzjames, he cursed the hunt,
And sorely cursed the day,
And mused a new Gray's elegy
On his departed gray.

Now many a sign at Woodford town
Its Inn-vitation tells :
But Huggins, full of ills, of course
Betook him to the Wells,

Where Rounding tried to cheer him up
With many a merry laugh :
But Huggins thought of neighbor Fig,
And called for half-and-half.

Yet, spite of drink, he could not blink
Remembrance of his loss ;
To drown a care like his, required
Enough to drown a horse.

When thus forlorn, a merry horn
Struck up without the door —
The mounted mob were all returned ;
The Epping Hunt was o'er !

And many a horse was taken out
Of saddle, and of shaft ;
And men, by dint of drink, became
The only "*beasts of draught*."

For now begun a harder run
On wine, and gin, and beer ;
And overtaken men discussed
The overtaken deer.

How far he ran, and eke how fast,
And how at bay he stood,
Deerlike, resolved to sell his life
As dearly as he could : —

And how the hunters stood aloof,
Regardful of their lives,
And shunned a beast, whose very horns
They knew could *handle* knives !

How Huggins stood when he was rubbed
By help and ostler kind,
And when they cleaned the clay before,
How worse “remained behind.”

And one, how he had found a horse
Adrift — a goodly gray !
And kindly rode the nag, for fear
The nag should go astray ;

Now Huggins, when he heard the tale,
Jumped up with sudden glee ;
“ A goodly gray ! why, then, I say,
That gray belongs to me !

“ Let me indorse again my horse,
Delivered safe and sound ;
And, gladly, I will give the man
A bottle and a pound ! ”

The wine was drunk — the money paid,
Though not without remorse,
To pay another man so much
For riding on his horse ; —

And let the chase again take place
For many a long, long year —
John Huggins will not ride again
To hunt the Epping Deer !

MORAL.

Thus Pleasure oft eludes our grasp
Just when we think to grip her ;
And hunting after Happiness,
We only hunt a slipper.

THE SHIP-LAUNCH.

Sung by Mr. Mathews in the Entertainment called “The
Spring Meeting.”

THE day is bright, the wind is light,
And gay with flags and streamers ;
From side to side old Thames’s tide
Is mobbed with boats and steamers.

Put up, my dear, the bottled beer,
And pack the mutton haunch now ;
Then off we go ; row, brothers, row,
And let us see the launch now.

So off we go ; row, brothers, row,
And let us see the launch now ;
So off we go ; row, brothers, row,
And let us see the launch now !

The gallant ship is on the slip,
Her banners waving o'er her ;
And now she slides, away she glides,
And drives the foam before her.
Long may she brave the wind and wave,
And foil the foe's endeavor ;
Now let us say, " Huzza, huzza,
Our wooden walls forever ! "

Now off we go ; row, brothers, row,
For we have seen the launch now ;
Now off we go ; row, brothers, row,
For we have seen the launch now.

GOG AND MAGOG.

A GUILDHALL DUET.

MAGOG.

Why, Gog, I say, it's after One,
And yet no dinner carved;
Shall we endure this sort of fun,
And stand here to be starved?

GOG.

I really think our City Lords
Must be a shabby set;
I've stood here since King Charles's time,
And had no dinner yet!

MAGOG.

I vow I can no longer stay;
I say, are we to dine to-day?

GOG.

My hunger would provoke a saint,
I've waited till I'm sick and faint;
I'll tell you what, they'll starve us both,
I'll tell you what, they'll stop our growth.

MAGOG.

I wish I had a round of beef,
My hungry tooth to charm;
I've wind enough in my inside
To play the Hundredth Psalm.

GOG.

And yet they feast beneath our eyes
Without the least remorse ;
This very week I saw the Mayor
A-feeding like a horse !

MAGOG.

Such loads of fish, and flesh, and fowl,
To think upon it makes me growl !

GOG.

I wonder when the fools were taught,
That they should keep a giant short !
They 'll stop our growth, they 'll stop our growth ;
They 'll starve us both, they 'll starve us both !

MAGOG.

They said, a hundred years ago,
That we should dine at One ;
Why, Gog, I say, our meat by this
Is rather over-done.

GOG.

I do not want it done at all,
So hungry is my maw,
Give me an Alderman in chains,
And I will eat him raw !

MAGOG.

Of starving weavers they discuss,
And yet they never think of us.
I say, are we to dine to-day ;
Are we to dine to-day ?

GOG.

O dear, the pang it is to feel
So mealy-mouthed without a meal !

MAGOG.

I'll tell you what, they'll stop our growth !

GOG.

I'll tell you what, they'll starve us both !

BOTH.

They'll stop our growth, they'll starve us both !

THE LORD-MAYOR'S SHOW.

Sung by Mr. Mathews for "The Spring Meeting."

How well I remember the ninth of November,
The sky very foggy, the Sun looking groggy,
In fact, altogether pea-soup-colored weather.
Shop-windows all shuttered, the pavement all
 battered,
Policeman paraded, the street barricaded,
 And a peal from the steeple of Bow !
Low women in pattens, high ladies in satins,
And Cousin Suburbans, in flame-colored turbans,
Quite up to the attics, inviting rheumatics,
A great mob collecting, without much selecting,
And some, it's a pity, are free of the City,
 As your pockets may happen to know !

How well I remember the ninth of November,
Six trumpets on duty, as shrill as Veluti,
A great City Marshal, to riding not partial,
The footmen, the state ones, with calves very
 great ones,
The Cook and the Scullion, well basted with bullion,
 And the squad of each Corporate Co.
Four draymen from Perkins, in steel and brass
 jerkens,
A Coach like a lantern, I wonder it *can* turn,
All carved like old buildings, and drawn by six
 gildings,
With two chubby faces, where sword and where
 mace is,
The late Mayor, the Ex one, although that must
 vex one,
 And the new Mayor just come into blow !

How well I remember the ninth of November,
The fine Lady Mayoress, an Ostrich's heiress,
In best bib and tucker, and dignified pucker,
The learned Recorder, in Old Bailey order,
The Sheriffs together,—with their hanging weather,
 And their heads like John Anderson's pow !
The Alderman courtly, and looking "red port"ly,
And buckler and bargemen, with other great
 large men,
With streamers and banners, held up in odd man-
 ners,
A mob running "arter," to see it by "vater,"
 And the Wharfs popping off as they go !

LIEUTENANT LUFF.

ALL you that are too fond of wine,
 Or any other stuff,
 Take warning by the dismal fate
 Of one Lieutenant Luff.
 A sober man he might have been
 Except in one regard —
 He did not like *soft* water,
 So he took to *drinking hard*.

Said he, "Let others fancy slops,
 And talk in praise of Tea,
 But I am no *Bohemian*,
 So do not like *Bohea*.
 If wine's a poison, so is Tea,
 Though in another shape;
 What matter whether one is killed
 By *canister* or *grape*?"

According to this kind of taste
 Did he indulge his drouth,
 And being fond of *Port*, he made
 A *port*-hole of his mouth!
 A single pint he might have sipped
 And not been out of sorts;
 In geologic phrase, the rock
 He spilt upon was *quarts*!
 VOL. V. 12

To "hold the mirror up to vice"
With him was hard, alas!
The worse for wine he often was,
But not "before a glass."
No kind and prudent friend he had
To bid him drink no more;
The only *chequers* in his course
Were at a tavern door!

Full soon the sad effects of this
His frame began to show,
For that old enemy the gout
Had taken him in *toe*!
And joined with this an evil came
Of quite another sort,
For while he drank himself, his purse
Was getting "*something short*."

For want of cash he soon had pawned
One half that he possessed;
And drinking showed him *duplicates*
Beforehand of the rest.
So now his creditors resolved
To seize on his assets,
For why, they found that his *half-pay*
Did not *half pay* his debts.

But Luff contrived a novel mode
His creditors to chouse,

For his own *execution* he
 Put into his own house!
 A pistol to the muzzle charged,
 He took devoid of fear;
 Said he "this *barrel* is my last,
 So now for my last *bier*."

Against his lungs he aimed the slugs,
 And not against his brain;
 So he blew out his *lights*, and none
 Could blow them in again!
 A jury for a verdict met,
 And gave it in these terms:
 "We find as how as certain *slugs*
 Has sent him to the *worms*."

LOVE HAS NOT EYES.

Of all the poor old Tobits a-groping in the street,
 A Lover is the blindest that ever I did meet,
 For he's blind, he's blind, he's very blind, —
 He's as blind as any mole!

He thinks his love the fairest that ever yet was
 clasped,
 Though her clay is overbaked, and it never has
 been rasped.
 For he's blind, &c.

He thinks her face an angel's, although it's quite a
frump's,

Like a toad a-taking physic, or a monkey in the
mumps.

For he's blind, &c.

Upon her graceful figure then how he will insist,
Though she's all so much awry, she can only eat a
twist!

For he's blind, &c.

He'll swear that in her dancing she cuts all others
out,

Though like a *gal* that's galvanized, she throws
her legs about.

For he's blind, &c.

If he should have a letter in answer to his sighs,
He'll put it to his lips up, instead of to his eyes.

For he's blind, &c.

Then if he has a meeting the question for to put,
In suing for her hand he'll be kneeling at her
foot.

For he's blind, &c.

O Love is like a furnace wherein a Lover lies,
And like a pig before the fire, he scorches out his
eyes,

Till he's blind, &c.

S O N G .

Air. — “My mother bids me.”

MY mother bids me spend my smiles
On all who come and call me fair,
As crumbs are thrown upon the tiles,
To all the sparrows of the air.

But I’ve a darling of my own,
For whom I hoard my little stock, —
What if I chirp him all alone,
And leave mamma to feed the flock !

A BUNCH OF FORGET-ME-NOTS.

FORGET me not ! It is the cry of clay,
From infancy to age, from ripe to rotten ;
For who, “to dumb forgetfulness a prey,”
Would be forgotten ?

Hark to the poor infant, in the age of pap,
A little Laplander on nurse’s lap,
Some stranger, neglectful, gossiping old Trot,
Meanwhile on dull Oblivion’s lap she lieth,
In her shrill Baby-lonish language crieth, —
What ?

“Forget me not !”

The school-boy writes unto the selfsame tune
 The yearly letter, guiltless of a blot,
 "We break up on the twenty-third of June";
 And then with comps. from Dr. Polyglot,
 "P. S. Forget me not!"

When last my elder brother sailed from Quito,
 My chalky foot had in a hobble got, —
 Why did he plant his timber toe on *my* toe,
 To stamp on memory's most tender spot,
 "Forget me not!"

The dying nabob, on whose shrivelled skin
 The Indian "mulliga" has left its "tawny,"
 Leaving life's pilgrimage so rough and thorny,
 Bindeth his kin
 Two tons of sculptured marble to allot
 A small "Forget me not!"

The hardy sailor parting from his wives,
 Sharing among them all that he has got,
 Keeps a fond eye upon their after-lives,
 And says to seventeen, — "If I am shot,
 Forget me not."

Why, all the mob of authors that now trouble
 The world with cold-pressed volumes, and
 with hot,
 They all are seeking reputation's bubble,
 Hopelessly hoping, like Sir Walter Scott,
 To tie in fame's own handkerchief a double
 Forget-me-knot!

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM. 183

A past, past tense,
In fact is sought for by all human kind,
And hence
One common Irish wish,—to leave ourselves
behind!

Forget me not!—it is the common chorus
Swelled by all those behind us and before us;
Each fifth of each November
Calls out "Remember!"
And even a poor man of straw will try
To live by dint of powder and of plot.
In short, it is the cry of every Guy,
"Forget me not!"

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

A PRETTY task, Miss S——, to ask
A Benedictine pen,
That cannot quite at freedom write
Like those of other men.
No lover's plaint my Muse must paint
To fill this page's span,
But be correct and recollect
I'm not a single man.

Pray only think for pen and ink
How hard to get along,

184 WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

That may not turn on words that burn,
Or love, the life of song!
Nine Muses, if I chooses, I
May woo all in a clan,
But one Miss S—— I dare n't address,—
I 'm not a single man.

Scribblers unwed, with little head
May eke it out with heart,
And in their lays it often plays
A rare first-fiddle part.
They make a kiss to rhyme with bliss,
But if *I* so began,
I have my fears about my ears,—
I 'm not a single man.

Upon your cheek I may not speak,
Nor on your lip be warm,
I must be wise about your eyes,
And formal with your form,
Of all that sort of thing, in short,
On T. H. Bayly's plan,
I must not twine a single line,—
I 'm not a single man.

A watchman's part compels my heart
To keep you off its *beat*,
And I might dare as soon to swear
At *you* as at your feet.

I can't expire in passion's fire
As other poets can, —
My life (she 's by) won't let me die, —
I 'm not a single man.

Shut out from love, denied a dove,
Forbidden bow and dart,
Without a groan to call my own,
With neither hand nor heart,
To hymen vowed, and not allowed
To flirt e'en with your fan,
Here end, as just a friend, I must, —
I 'm not a single man.

TO MR. WRENCH AT THE ENGLISH
OPERA HOUSE.

O VERY pleasant Mr. Wrench, —
The first, upon the pit's first bench,
I've scrambled to my place,
To hail thee on these summer boards
With joy, even critic-craft affords,
And watch thy welcome face!

Ere thou art come, how I rejoice
To hear thy free and easy voice,
Lounging about the slips;
And then thy figure comes and owns

The voice as careless as the tones
That saunter from thy lips.

O come and cast a quiet glance,
To glad a nameless friend, askance
The lamps' ascending glare ;
Better it is than bended knees,
Heart-squeezing, and profound congé's, —
That old familiar air.

Even in the street, in that apt face,
Full of gay gravity, I trace
The soul of native whim ;
A constant, never-failing store
Of quiet mirth, that ne'er runs o'er,
But ay is near the brim.

Quoth I, There goes a happy wight,
Inimical to spleen and spite,
And careless of all care ;
Who oils the ruffled waves of strife
And makes the work-day suit of life
Of very easy wear.

Lord ! if he had some people's ills
To cope, — their hungry bonds and bills,
How faintly they would tease ;
Things that have cost both tears and sighs, —
Their foes, as motelings in his eyes, —
Their duns, his summer fleas !

The stage, I guess, is not thy school, —
 Thou dost not antic like the fool
 That wept behind the mask :
 Thy playing is thy play, — a sport, —
 A revel, as performed at Court,
 And not a trade, — a task !

Gay *freeman*, art thou hired for *him* ?
 No, — 't is thy humor and thy whim
 To be that easy guest ;
 Whereas whoever plays for pelf,
 (Like Bennett) only gives *him*-self,
 Or *her*, — like Mrs. West !

Nay, thou, — to look beyond the stage.
 Thy life is but another page
 Continued of the play ;
 The same companionable sprite, —
 Thy whim and pleasantry by night
 Are with thee in the day !

THE PAINTER PUZZLED.

“Draw, Sir !” — OLD PLAY.

WELL, something must be done for May,
 The time is drawing nigh —
 To figure in the Catalogue,
 And woo the public eye.

Something I must invent and paint;
But O my wit is not
Like one of those kind substantives
That answer Who and What?

O for some happy hit! to throw
The gazer in a trance:
But *posé là*, — there I am posed,
As people say in France.

In vain I sit and strive to think,
I find my head, alack!
Painfully empty, still, just like
A bottle "on the rack."

In vain I task my barren brain
Some new idea to catch,
And tease my hair, — ideas are shy
Of "coming to the scratch."

In vain I stare upon the air,
No mental visions dawn;
A blank my canvas still remains,
And worse a blank undrawn:

An "aching void" that mars my rest
With one eternal hint,
For, like the little goblin page,
It still keeps crying "Tint!"

But what to tint? ay, there's the rub,
That plagues me all the while,
As, Selkirk-like, I sit without
A subject for my *ile*.

"Invention's seventh heaven" the bard
Has written, — but my case
Persuades me that the creature dwells
In quite another place.

Sniffing the lamp, the ancients thought
Demosthenes *must* toil;
But works of art are works indeed,
And always "smell of oil."

Yet painting pictures some folks think
Is merely play and fun;
That what is on an easel set
Must easily be done.

But, zounds! if they could sit in this
Uneasy easy-chair,
They'd very soon be glad enough
To cut the Camel's hair.

O who can tell the pang it is
To sit as I this day —
With all my canvas spread, and yet
Without an inch of way.

Till, mad at last to find I am
Amongst such empty skullers,
I feel that I could strike myself,
But no — I'll "strike my colors."

JARVIS AND MRS. COPE.

A DECIDEDLY SERIOUS BALLAD.

IN Bunhill Row, some years ago,
There lived one Mrs. Cope;
A pious woman she was called,
As Pius as a Pope.

Not pious in its proper sense,
But chatt'ring like a bird
Of sin and grace, — in such a case
Mag-piety's the word.

Cries she, "The Rev. Mr. Trigg
This day a text will broach,
And much I long to hear him preach,
So, Betty, call a coach."

A bargain though she wish'd to make,
Ere they began to jog, —
"Now, Coachman, what d' ye take me for?"
Says Coachman, "For a hog."

But Jarvis, when he set her down,
A second *hog* did lack, —
Whereas she offered him
One shilling and “a track.”

Says he, “There ain’t no tracks in Quaife,
You and your tracks be both —”
And, affidavit-like, he clench’d
Her shilling with an oath.

Said she, “I’ll have you fined for this,
And soon it shall be done,
I’ll have you up at Worship Street,
You wicked one, naught one!”

And sure enough at Worship Street
That Friday week they stood;
She said *bad* language he had used,
And thus she “*made it good.*”

“He said two shillings was his fare,
And would n’t take no less, —
I said one shilling was enough, —
And he said C — U — S!

“And when I raised my eyes at that,
He swore again at them,
I said he was a wicked man,
And he said D — A — M.”

Now Jarvy's turn was come to speak,
So he stroked down his hair,
"All what she said is false, — cause why?
I'll swear I never swear!

"There 's old Joe Hatch, the waterman,
Can tell you what I am,
I 'm one of seven children, all
Brought up without a Dam!

"He 'll say from two year old and less
Since ever I were nust,
If ever I said C — U — S,
I wish I may be cust!

"At Sion Cottage I takes up,
And raining all the while,
To go to New Jerusalem,
A wery long two mile.

"Well, when I axes for my fare,
She rows me in the street,
And uses words as is not fit
For coachmen to repeat!

"Says she, — I know where you will go,
You sinner! I know well, —
Your worship, it's the P — I — T
Of E and double L!"

MISS FANNY'S FAREWELL FLOWERS. 193

Now here his worship stopp'd the case, —
Said he, — "I fine you both!
And of the two, — why Mrs. Cope's
I think the biggest oath!"

MISS FANNY'S FAREWELL FLOWERS

Not "the posie of a ring."
SHAKESPEARE (*all but the not*).

I CAME to town a happy man;
I need not now dissemble
Why I return so sad at heart, —
It's all through FANNY KEMBLE:
O, when she threw her flowers away,
What urged the tragic slut on
To weave in such a wreath as that,
Ah me! a bachelor's button.

None fought so hard, none fought so well,
As I to gain some token, —
When all the pit rose up in arms,
And heads and hearts were broken;
"Huzza!" said I, "I'll have a flower
As sure as my name's Dutton"; —
I made a snatch — I got a catch —
By Jove! a bachelor's button!

I've lost my watch — my hat is smashed —
 My clothes declare the racket ;
 I went there in a full-dress coat,
 And came home in a jacket.
 My nose is swelled, my eye is black,
 My lip I've got a cut on !
 Odds buds ! and what a bud to get, —
 The deuce ! a bachelor's button !

My chest's in pain ; I really fear
 I've somewhat hurt my bellows,
 By pokes and punches in the ribs
 From those *herb-strewing fellows*.
 I miss two teeth in my front row ;
 My corn has had a *fut* on ;
 And all this pain I've had to gain
 This cursed bachelor's button !

Had I but won a rose — a bud —
 A pansy — or a daisy —
 A periwinkle — anything
 But this — it drives me crazy !
 My very sherry tastes like squills ;
 I can't enjoy my mutton ;
 And when I sleep I dream of it, —
 Still — still — a bachelor's button !

My place is booked per coach to-night ;
 But oh ! my spirit trembles
 To think how country friends will ask
 Of Knowleses and of Kembles.

If they should breathe about the wreath,
 When I go back to Sutton,
 I shall not dare to show my share, —
 That all! — a bachelor's button!

My luck in life was never good,
 But this my fate will harden;
 I ne'er shall like my farming more,
 I know I sha'n't the garden:
 The turnips all may have the fly,
 And wheat may have the smut on;
 I care not, — I've a blight at heart, —
 Ah me! — a bachelor's button!

REPLY TO A PASTORAL POET.

TELL us not of bygone days!
 Tell us not of forward times!
 What's the future, — what's the past, —
 Save to fashion rhymes?
 Show us that the corn doth thrive!
 Show us there's no wintry weather!
 Show us we may laugh and live, —
 (Those who love — together.)

Senses have we for sweet blossoms, —
 Eyes, which could admire the sun, —
 Passions blazing in our bosoms, —
 Hearts, that may be won!

But Labor doth forever press us
And Famine grins upon our board ;
And none will help us, none will bless us,
With one gentle word !

None, none ! our birthright or our fate,
Is hunger and inclement air, —
Perpetual toil — the rich man's hate, —
Want, scorn — the pauper's fare :
We fain would gaze upon the sky,
Lie pensive by the running springs ;
But if we stay to gaze or sigh,
We starve, — though the cuckoo sings !

The moon casts cold on us below ;
The sun is not our own ;
The very winds which fragrance blow,
But blanch us to the bone ;
The rose for us ne'er shows its bloom,
The violet its blue eye ;
From cradle murmuring to the tomb,
We feel no beauty, no perfume,
But only toil — and die !

PAUPER.

ANSWER TO A PAUPER.

DON'T tell *me* of buds and blossoms,
Or with rose and vi'let wheedle, —
Nosegays grow for other bosoms, —
Churchwarden and Beadle.
What have you to do with streams?
What with sunny skies, or garish
Cuckoo songs, or pensive dreams?
Nature's not your parish!

What right have such as you to dun
For sun or moonbeams warm or bright?
Before you talk about the sun,
Pay for window-light!
Talk of passions — amorous fancies!
While your betters' flames miscarry,
If *you* love your Dolls and Nancys,
Don't we make you marry?

Talk of wintry chill and storm,
Fragrant winds that blanch your bones!
You poor can always keep you warm; —
Ain't there breaking stones?
Suppose you don't enjoy the spring,
Roses fair and vi'lets meek,
You can't look for everything
On eighteen pence a week!

With seasons what have you to do?
 If corn doth thrive, or wheat is harmed?
 What's weather to the cropless? You
 Don't farm,—but you are farmed!
 Why everlasting murmurs hurled,
 With hardship for the text?
 If such as you don't like this world,
 We'll pass you to the next.

OVERSEER.

THE STAGE-STRUCK HERO.

"It must be. So Plato?—Thou reasonest?—Well."—SCHOOL CATO.

It's very hard! O Dick, my boy,
 It's very hard one can't enjoy
 A little private spouting;
 But sure us Lear our Hamlet lives,
 Up comes our master, bounce! and gives
 The tragic muse a routing!

Ay, there he comes again! be quick!
 And hide the book—a playbook,—Dick,
 He must not set his eyes on!
 It's very hard, the churlish elf
 Will never let one stab one's self
 Or take a bowl of p'ison.

It's very hard, but when I want
To die — as Cato did — I can't,
Or go *non compos mentis*, —
But up he comes, all fire and flame ; —
No doubt he'd do the very same
With Kemble for a 'prentice !

O Dick ! O Dick ! it was not so
Some half a dozen years ago !
Melpomene was no sneaker,
When, under Reverend Mister Poole,
Each little boy at Enfield School
Became an Enfield's speaker !

No cruel master-tailor's cane
Then thwarted the theatric vein ;
The tragic soil had tillage.
O dear dramatic days gone by !
You, Dick, were Richard then, — and I
Played Hamlet to the village ;

Or, as Macbeth, the dagger clutched,
Till all the servant-maids were touched —
Macbeth, I think, my pet is ;
Lord, how we spouted Shakespeare's works, —
Dick, we had twenty little Burkes,
And fifty Master Betties !

Why, there was Julius Caesar Dunn,
And Norval, sandy Philips, — one
Of Elocution's champions, —

Genteelly taught by his mamma
To say, not father, but papa,
Kept sheep upon the Grampians !

Coriolanus Crumpe, — and Fig
In Brutus, with brown-paper wig,
And Huggins great in Cato ;
Only he broke so often off,
To have a fit of whooping-cough,
While reasoning with Plato.

And Zangra too, — but I shall weep,
If longer on this theme I keep,
And let remembrance loose, Dick.
Now forced to act — it's very hard —
“Measure for Measure” with a yard, —
You Richard, with a goose, Dick !

Zounds ! Dick, it's very odd our dads
Should send us there when we were lads
To learn to talk like Tullies ;
And now, if one should just break out,
Perchance, into a little spout,
A stick about the skull is.

Why should stage-learning form a part
Of schooling for the tailor's art ?
Alas ! Dramatic notes, Dick,
So well record the sad mistake
Of him who tried at once to make
Both *Romeo* and *Coates*, Dick !

F R A G M E N T .

I HAD a dream, — the summer beam
Played on the wings of merry hours —
(*Made long long smiles of merry hours*) ;
But life 'gan throw a warp of woe,
Across its tapestry of flowers,
Fear's darker shade took form and made, —
Like shadows darkling in light most sparkling.

The fragrant tombs amid the blooms
Of April in a garden ground
Showed many a name that none could claim,
Half-read between the roses round.
Unbanished clouds like coffin-shrouds
Neighbored the sun amid the blue,
And tearful streams mixed with his beams,
Yet made no promise as they flew.

Young Hope indeed began to read
The prophecies with cheerful look,
But dark despair looked over there,
And wept back blots upon her book.
And scarce the form all bright and warm
Of Joy was woven into birth,
When, like her shade, black Grief was laid
Prone at her feet along the earth.

Then do not chide, — the sunny side
 Of monuments for Joy is made,
 But Sorrow still must weep her fill
 On those that lie beneath the shade.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"If the affairs of this world did not make us so sad,
 'T would be easy enough to be merry." — OLD SONG.

THERE is nothing but plague in this house !
 There 's the turbot is stole by the cat,
 The Newfoundland has eat up the grouse,
 And the haunch has been gnawed by a rat !
 It 's the day of all days when I wished
 That our friends should enjoy our good cheer ;
 Mr. Wiggins, — our dinner is dished, —
 But I wish you a happy New Year !

Mr. Rudge has not called, but he will,
 For his rates, church, and highway, and poor ;
 And the butcher has brought in his bill, —
 Twice as much as the quarter before.
 Little Charles is come home with the mumps,
 And Matilda with measles, I fear ;
 And I 've taken two sov'reigns like dumps, —
 But I wish you a happy New Year !

Your poor brother is in the Gazette,
And your banker is off to New York ;
Mr. Bigsby has died in your debt,
And the "Wiggins" has foundered near Cork.
Mr. Merrington's bill is come back ;
You are chosen to serve overseer ;
The new wall is beginning to crack, —
But I wish you a happy New Year !

The best dinner-set's fallen to the ground ;
The militia's called out, and you're drawn ;
Not a piece of our plate can be found,
And there's marks of men's feet on the lawn ;
Two anonymous letters have come,
That declare you shall die like a Weare ;
And it may — or may not — be a hum, —
But I wish you a happy New Year !

The old lawsuit with Levy is lost ;
You are fined for not cleansing the street ;
And the water-pipe's burst with the frost,
And the roof lets the rain in and sleet.
Your old tenant at seventy-four
Has gone off in the night with his gear,
And has taken the key of the door, —
But I wish you a happy New Year !

There's the "Sun" and the "Phoenix" to pay,
For the chimney has blazed like Old Nick ;
The new gig has been jammed by a dray,
And the old horse has taken to kick.

We have hardly a bushel of small,
And now coal is extravagant dear;
Your great-coat is stole out of the hall,—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The whole green-house is smashed by the hail,
And the plants have all died in the night;
The magnolia's blown down by the gale,
And the chimney looks far from upright;
And,—the deuce take the man from the shop,
That hung up the new glass chandelier! —
It has come, in the end, to one drop, —
But I wish you a happy New Year!

There's misfortune wherever we dodge, —
It's the same in the country and town;
There's the porter has burned down his lodge,
While he went off to smoke at the Crown.
The fat butler makes free with your wine,
And the footman has drunk the strong beer,
And the coachman can't walk in a line, —
But I wish you a happy New Year!

I have doubts if your clerk is correct, —
There are hints of a mistress at Kew,
And some day he'll abscond, I expect;
Mr. Brown has built out your back view;
The new housemaid's the greatest of flirts, —
She has men in the house, that is clear;
And the laundress has pawned all your shirts, —
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Your "Account of a Visit to Rome,"
Not a critic on earth seems to laud;
And old Huggins has lately come home,
And will swear that your Claude isn't Claude;
Your election is far from secure,
Though it's likely to cost very dear;
You're come out in a caricature, —
But I wish you a happy New Year!

You've been christened an ass in the Times,
And the Chronicle calls you a fool;
And that dealer in boys, Dr. Ghrimes,
Has engaged the next house for a school;
And the play-ground will run by the bower
Which you took so much trouble to rear, —
We shall never have one quiet hour, —
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Little John will not take to his book,
He's come home black and blue from the cane;
There's your uncle is courting his cook,
And your mother has married again!
Jacob Jones will be tried with his wife,
And against them you'll have to appear;
If they're hung you'll be wretched for life, —
But I wish you a happy New Year!

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And against them you'll have to appear ;
If they're hung you'll be wretched for life, —
But I wish you a happy New Year !

A PUBLIC DINNER.

"Sit down and fall to," said Barmacide. — ARABIAN NIGHTS.

At seven you just nick it,
Give card, — get wine ticket;
Walk round through the Babel,
From table to table,
To find — a hard matter —
Your name in a platter;
Your wish was to sit by
Your friend Mr. Whitby,
But Stewards' assistance
Has placed you at distance,
And, thanks to arrangers,
You sit among strangers;
But too late for mending;
Twelve sticks come attending
A stick of a Chairman,
A little dark spare man,
With bald shining nob,
'Mid Committee swell mob;
In short, a short figure,
You thought the Duke bigger;
Then silence is wanted,
Nom Nobis is chanted;
Then Chairman reads letter,
The Duke's a regretter,
A promise to break it,
But chair he can't take it;

Is grieved to be from us,
But sends friend Sir Thomas,
And what is far better,
A cheque in the letter,
Hear ! hear ! and a clatter,
And there ends the matter.

Now soups come and fish in,
And C * * * brings a dish in ;
Then rages the battle,
Knives clatter, forks rattle,
Steel forks with black handles,
Under fifty wax candles ;
Your soup-plate is soon full,
You sip just a spoonful.
Mr. Roe will be grateful
To send him a plateful ;
And then comes the waiter,
" Must trouble for tater " ;
And then you drink wine off
With somebody — nine off ;
Bucellas made handy,
With Cape and bad Brandy,
Or East India Sherry,
That 's very hot — very.
You help Mr. Myrtle,
Then find your mock-turtle
Went off while you lingered
With waiter light-fingered.
To make up for gammon,

You order some salmon,
Which comes to your fauces
With boats without sauces.
You then make a cut on
Some Lamb big as Mutton ;
And ask for some grass too,
But that you must pass too ;
It served the first twenty,
But toast there is plenty.
Then while lamb gets coldish,
A goose that is oldish, —
At carving not clever, —
You're begged to dis sever,
And when you thus treat it,
Find no one will eat it.
So, hungry as glutton,
You turn to your mutton,
But — no sight for laughter —
The soup it's gone after.
Mr. Green then is very
Disposed to take Sherry,
And then Mr. Nappy
Will feel very happy ;
And then Mr. Conner
Requests the same honor ;
Mr. Clarke, when at leisure,
Will really feel pleasure ;
Then waiter leans over,
To take off a cover
From fowls, which all beg of,

A wing or a leg of ;
And while they all peck bone,
You take to a neck bone,
But even your hunger
Declares for a younger.
A fresh plate you call for,
But vainly you bawl for :
Now taste disapproves it,
No waiter removes it.
Still hope, newly budding,
Relies on a pudding ;
But critics each minute
Set fancy agif it, —
“ That ’s queer vermicelli.”
“ I say, Vizetelly,
There ’s glue in that jelly.”
“ Tarts bad altogether ;
That crust ’s made of leather.”
“ Some custard, friend Vesey ? ”
“ No, — batter made easy.”
“ Some cheese, Mr. Foster ? ”
“ — Don’t like single Glo’ster.”

Meanwhile, to top table,
Like fox in the fable,
You see silver dishes,
With those little fishes,
The white bait delicious
Borne past you officious ;
And hear rather plainish

A sound that's champagnish,
And glimpse certain bottles
Made long in the throttles,
And sniff — very pleasant!
Grouse, partridge, and pheasant,
And see mounds of ices
For patrons and vices,
Pine-apple, and bunches
Of grapes, for sweet munches,
And fruits of all virtue
That really *desert* you.
You've nuts, but not crack ones,
Half empty, and black ones;
With oranges fallow —
They can't be called yellow, —
Some pippins well wrinkled,
And plums almond sprinkled,
Some rout cakes, and so on,
Then with business to go on;
Long speeches are stuttered,
And toasts are well buttered,
While dames in the gallery,
All dressed in fallallery,
Look on at the mummery:
And listen to flummery.
Hip, hip! and huzzaing,
And singing and saying,
Glees, catches, orations,
And lists of donations.
Hush! a song, Mr. Tinney, —

"Mr. Benbow, one guinea;
Mr. Frederic Manual,
One guinea — and annual."
Song, — Jockey and Jenny, —
"Mr. Markham, one guinea."
"Have you all filled your glasses?"
Here's a health to good lasses.
The subscription still skinny, —
"Mr. Franklin, one guinea."
Franklin looks like a ninny;
"Mr. Boreham, one guinea, —
Mr. Blogg, Mr. Finney,
Mr. Tempest, one guinea,
Mr. Merrington — twenty,"
Rough music, in plenty.
Away toddles Chairman,
The little dark spare man,
Not sorry at ending
With white sticks attending,
And some vain Tomnoddy,
Votes in his own body
To fill the void seat up,
And get on his feet up,
To say, with voice squeaking,
"Unaccustomed to speaking,"
Which sends you off seeking
Your hat, number thirty, —
No coach, — very dirty.
So, hungry and fevered,
Wet-footed, spoilt-beavered,

Eyes aching in socket,
 Ten pounds out of pocket,
 To Brook Street the Upper,
 You haste home to supper.

A CHARITY SERMON.

"I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you ; and, believe me, I will shortly pay thee another visit ; but my friends, I fancy, wonder at my stay ; so let me have the money immediately. Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, 'Thou dost not intend to rob me ?'"

"I would have thee know, friend," addressing himself to Adams, "I shall not learn my duty from such as thee. I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds." — JOSEPH ANDREWS.

I'm an extremely charitable man,—no collar and long hair, though a little carrotty ;
 Demure, half-inclined to the unknown tongues,
 but I never gained anything by charity.
 I got a little boy into the Foundling, but his unfortunate mother was traced and baited,
 And the overseers found *her* out—and she found *me* out—and the child was affiliated.
 O, Charity will come home to roost,—
 Like curses and chickens is Charity.

I once, near Whitehall's very old wall, when ballads danced over the whole of it,

Put a bad five-shilling-piece into a beggar's hat.
but the old hat had got a hole in it ;
And a little boy caught it in his little hat, and an
officer's eye seemed to care for it,
As my bad crown piece went through *his* bad
crown piece, and they took me up to Queen's
Square for it.
O, Charity, etc.

I let my very old (condemned) old house to a
man at a rent that was shockingly low,
So I found a roof for his ten motherless babes, —
all defunct and fatherless now ;
For the plaguy one-sided party wall fell in, so did
the roof, on son and daughter,
And twelve jurymen sat on eleven bodies, and
brought in a very personal verdict of man-
slaughter.
O, Charity, etc.

I picked up a young well-dressed gentleman, who
had fallen in a fit in St. Martin's Court,
And charitably offered to see him home, — for
charity always seemed to be my forte,
And I 've had presents for seeing fallen gentle-
men home, but this was a very unlucky job, —
Do you know, he got my watch, my purse, my
handkerchief, — for it was one of the swell
mob.
O, Charity, etc.

Being four miles from town, I stopped a horse
that had run away with a man, when it
seemed that they must be dashed to pieces,
Though several kind people were following him
with all their might,—but such following a
horse his speed increases ;

I held the horse while he went to recruit his
strength ; and I meant to ride home, of
course ;

But the crowd came up and took me up,—for it
turned out the man had run away with the
horse.

O, Charity, etc.

I watched last month all the drovers and drivers
about the suburbs, for it 's a positive fact,
That I think the utmost penalty ought always to
be enforced against everybody under Mr.
Martin's act ;

But I could n't catch one hit over the horns, or
over the shins, or on the ears, or over the
head ;

And I caught a rheumatism from early wet hours,
and got five weeks of ten swelled fingers in
bed.

O, Charity, etc.

Well, I've utterly done with Charity, though I
used so to preach about its finest fount ;
Charity may do for some that are more lucky, but
I can't turn it to any account, —

It goes so the very reverse way,—even if one
chirrup it up with a dust of piety ;
That henceforth, let it be understood, I take my
name entirely out of the list of subscribers to
the Humane Society.
O, Charity, etc.

THE CIGAR.

“Here comes Mr. Puff.”—THE CRITIC.

“I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled.”—MOORE.

SOME sigh for this and that,
My wishes don't go far,
The world may wag at will,
So I have my cigar.

Some fret themselves to death
With Whig and Tory jar ;
I don't care which is in,
So I have my cigar.

Sir John requests my vote,
And so does Mr. Marr ;
I don't care how it goes,
So I have my cigar.

Some want a German row,
Some wish a Russian war;
I care not. I 'm at peace,
So I have my cigar.

I never see the Post,
I seldom read the Star;
The Globe I scarcely heed,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me that Bank Stock
Is sunk much under par;
It 's all the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

Honors have come to men
My juniors at the Bar;
No matter,—I can wait,
So I have my cigar.

Ambition frets me not;
A cab or glory's car
Are just the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

I worship no vain gods,
But serve the household Lar;
I 'm sure to be at home,
So I have my cigar.

I do not seek for fame,
A General with a scar ;
A private let me be,
So I have my cigar.

To have my choice among
The toys of life's bazaar,
The dence may take them all,
So I have my cigar.

Some minds are often tost
By tempests like a tar ;
I always seem in port,
So I have my cigar.

The ardent flame of love
My bosom cannot char,
I smoke, but do not burn,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me Nancy Low
Has married Mr. R. ;
The jilt ! but I can live,
So I have my cigar.

THE CHINA-MENDER.

Good morning, Mr. What-d' ye-call! Well!
here 's another pretty job!
Lord help my Lady!—what a smash!—if you
had only heard her sob!
It was all through Mr Lambert: but for certain
he was winey,
To think for to go to sit down on a table full of
Chiney.
“Duce take your stupid head!” says my Lady
to his very face;
But politeness, you know, is nothing, when there 's
Chiney in the case:
And if ever a woman was fond of Chiney to a pas-
sion
It 's my mistress, and all sorts of it, whether new
or old fashion.
Her brother 's a sea-captain, and brings her home
shiploads,—
Such bonzes, and such dragons, and nasty, squat-
ting things, like toads;
A great nidnoddin mandarins, with palsies in the
head:
I declare I 've often dreamt of them, and had
nightmares in my bed.
But the frightfuller they are,—lawk! she loves
them all the better:

She 'd have Old Nick himself made of Chiney if
they 'd let her.

Lawk-a-mercy! break her Chiney, and it 's break-
ing her very heart;

If I touch'd it, she would very soon say, "Mary,
we must part."

To be sure she *is* unlucky: only Friday comes
Master Randall,

And breaks a broken spout, and fresh chips a tea-
cup handle:

He 's a dear, sweet little child, but he will so fin-
ger and touch,

And that 's why my Lady does n't take to chil-
dren much.

Well! there 's stupid Mr. Lambert, with his two
great coat flaps,

Must go and sit down on the Dresden shepherd-
esses' laps,

As if there was no such things as rosewood chairs
in the room;

I could n't have made a greater sweep with the
handle of the broom.

Mercy on us! how my mistress began to rave
and tear!

Well! after all, there 's nothing like good iron-
stone ware for wear.

If ever I marry, that 's flat, I 'm sure it won't be
John Dockery,

I should be a wretched woman in a shop full of
crockery.

I should never like to wipe it, though I love to
be neat and tidy,
And afraid of mad bulls on market-days every
Monday and Friday.
I'm very much mistook if Mr. Lambert's will be
a catch ;
The breaking the Chiney will be the breaking-off
of his own match.
Missis would n't have an angel, if he was careless
about Chiney ;
She never forgives a chip, if it 's ever so small
and tiny.
Lawk ! I never saw a man in all my life in such
a taking ;
I could find in my heart to pity him for all his
mischief-making.
To see him stand a-hammering and stammering,
like a zany ;
But what signifies apologies, if they won't mend
old Chaney !
If he sent her up whole crates full, from Wedge-
wood's and Mr. Spode's,
He could n't make amends for the crack'd manda-
rins and smash'd toads.
Well ! every one has their tastes, but, for my part,
my own self,
I'd rather have the figures on my poor dear grand-
mother's old shelf :
A nice pea-green poll-parrot, and two reapers with
brown ears of corns,

And a shepherd with a crook after a lamb with
two gilt horns,
And such a Jemmy Jessamy in top boots and sky-
blue vest,
And a frill and flowered waistcoat, with a fine bow-
pot at the breast.
God help her, poor old soul ! I shall come into 'em
at her death,
Though she 's a hearty woman for her years, except
her shortness of breath.
Well ! you think the things will mend, — if they
won't, Lord mend us all !
My Lady will go in fits, and Mr. Lambert won't
need to call :
I'll be bound in any money, if I had a guinea to give,
He won't sit down again on Chiney the longest day
he has to live.
Poor soul ! I only hope it won't forbid his banns
of marriage,
Or he'd better have sat behind on the spikes of
my Lady's carriage.
But you'll join 'em all of course, and stand poor
Mr. Lambert's friend ;
I'll look in twice a day, just to see, like, how they
mend.
To be sure it is a sight that might draw tears from
dogs and cats ;
Here 's this pretty little pagoda, now, has lost four
of its cocked hats :
Be particular with the pagoda : and then here 's
this pretty bowl, —

The Chinese Prince is making love to nothing be-
cause of this hole ;
And here 's another Chinese man, with a face just
like a doll, —
Do stick his pigtail on again, and just mend his
parasol.
But I need n't tell you what to do ; only do it out
of hand,
And charge whatever you like to charge, — my
Lady won't make a stand.
Well ! good morning, Mr. What-d' ye-call ; for it 's
time our gossip ended :
And you know the proverb, the less as is said, the
sooner the Chiney 's mended.

A TOAST.

COME ! a health ! and it 's not to be slighted
with sips,
A cold pulse, or a spirit supine —
All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my lips
To commingle its flow with the wine !

Bring a cup of the purest and solidest ware, —
But a little antique in its shape ;
And the juice, — let it be the most racy and rare,
All the bloom, with the age, of the grape !

Even such is the love I would celebrate now,
 At once young, and mature, and in prime,—
 Like the tree of the orange, that shows on its
 bough
 The bud, blossom, and fruit, at one time!

Then with three, as is due, let the honors be paid,
 Whilst I give with my hand, heart, and head,
 “Here ’s to her, the fond mother, dear partner,
 kind maid,
 Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed!”

SONG FOR THE NINETEENTH.

THE morning sky is hung with mist,
 The rolling drum the street alarms,
 The host is paid, his daughter kiss’d,—
 So now to arms! so now to arms!

Our evening bowl was strong and stiff,
 And may we get such quarters oft;
 I ne’er was better lodged,—for if
 The straw was hard, the maid was soft.

So now to arms! to arms! to arms!
 And fare thee well, my little dear;
 And if they ask who won your charms,
 Why say, “’t was in your *nineteenth* year!”

THE BLUE BOAR.

'Tis known to man, 'tis known to woman,
'Tis known to all the world in common,
How politics and party strife
Vex public, even private, life ;
But till some days ago, at least,
They never worried brutal beast.

I wish you could have seen the creature,
A tame domestic boar by nature,
Gone wild as boar that ever grunted,
By Baron Hoggerhausen hunted.
His back was up, and on its ledge
The bristles rose like quickset hedge ;
His eye was fierce and red as coal,
Like furnace, shining through a hole,
And restless turned for mischief seeking ;
His very hide with rage was reeking ;
And oft he gnashed his crooked tusks,
Chewing his tongue instead of husks,
Till all his jaw was white and yeasty,
Showing him savage, fierce, and resty.

And what had caused this mighty vapor ?
A dirty fragment of a paper,
That in his rambles he had found,
Lying neglected on the ground ;
A relic of the Morning Post,
Two tattered columns at the most,

But which our irritated swine
(Derived from Learned Toby's line)
Digested easy as his meals,
Like any quidnunc Cit at Peel's.

He read, and mused, and pored, and read,
His shoulders shrugged, and shook his head;
Now at a line he gave a grunt,
Now at a phrase took sudden stunt,
And snorting turned his back upon it,
But always came again to con it;
In short, he petted up his passion,
After a very human fashion,
When Temper 's worried with a bone,
She 'll neither like nor let alone.
At last his fury reached the pitch
Of that most irritating itch,
When mind and will, in fevered faction,
Prompt blood and body into action;
No matter what, so bone and muscle
May vent the frenzy in a bustle;
But whether by a fight or dance
Is left to impulse or to chance.
So stood the Boar, in furious mood
Made up for anything but good;
He gave his tail a tighter twist,
As men in anger clench the fist,
And threw fresh sparkles in his eye
From the volcano of his fry,—
Ready to raze the parish pound,

To pull the pigsty to the ground,
To lay 'Squire Giles, his master, level,
Ready, indeed, to play the devil.

So, stirred by raving demagogues,
I 've seen men rush, like rabid dogs,
Stark staring from the Pig and Whistle,
And, like his Boarship, in a bristle,
Resolved unanimous on rumpus
From any quarter of the compass ;
But whether to duck Aldgate Pump
(For wits in madness never jump),
To liberate the beasts from Cross's ;
Or hiss at all the Wigs in Ross's ;
On Waithman's column hang a weeper ;
Or tar and feather the old sweeper ;
Or break the panes of landlord scurvy,
And turn the King's Head topsy-turvy ;
Rebuild, or pull down, London Wall ;
Or take his cross from old Saint Paul ;
Or burn those wooden Highland fellows,
The snuff-men's idols, 'neath the gallows ;
None fixed or cared — but all were loyal
To one design — a battle royal.

Thus stood the Boar, athirst for blood,
Trampling the Morning Post to mud,
With tusks prepared to run a-muck ;
And sorrow for the mortal's luck
That came across him, Whig or Tory,

It would have been a tragic story —
But Fortune interposing now,
Brought Bessy into play — a Sow ; —
A fat, sleek, philosophic beast,
That never fretted in the least,
Whether her grains were sour or sweet,
For grains are grains, and she could eat.
Absorbed in two great schemes capacious,
The farrow, and the farinaceous,
If cares she had, they could not stay,
She drank, and *washed* them all away.
In fact, this philosophic sow
Was very like a German frow ;
In brief — as wit should be and fun, —
If sows turn Quakers, she was one ;
Clad from the duckpond, thick and slab,
In bran-new muddy suit of drab.

To still the storm of such a lubber,
She came like oil, — at least like blubber, —
Her pigtail of as passive shape
As ever drooped o'er powdered nape ;
Her snout scarce turning up, — her deep
Small eyes half settled into sleep ;
Her ample ears, dependent, meek,
Like fig-leaves shading either cheek ;
While, from the corner of her jaw,
A sprout of cabbage, green and raw,
Protruded, — as the Dove, so stanch
For Peace, supports an olive-branch, —

Her very grunt, so low and mild,
Like the soft snoring of a child,
Inquiring into his disquiets,
Served like the Riot Act, at riots, —
He laid his restive bristles flatter,
And took to arguefy the matter.

“O Bess, O Bess, here ’s heavy news!
They mean to ’mancipate the Jews!
Just as they turned the blacks to whites,
They want to give them equal rights,
And in the twinkling of a steeple,
Make Hebrews quite like other people.
Here, read, — but I forget your fetters,
You ’ve studied litters more than letters.”

“Well,” quoth the Sow, “and no great miss,
I ’m sure my ignorance is bliss;
Contentedly I bite and sup,
And never let my flare flare-up;
While you get wild and fuming hot, —
What matters Jews be Jews or not?
Whether they go with beards like Moses,
Or barbers take them by the noses,
Whether they live, permitted dwellers,
In Cheapside shops, or Rag Fair cellars,
Or climb their way to civic perches,
Or go to synagogues or churches?”

“Churches! — ay, there the question grapples;
No, Bess, the Jews will go to Chappell’s!”

"To chapel, — well, — what 's that to you?
A Berkshire Boar, and not a Jew?
We pigs, — remember the remark
Of our old drover, Samuel Slark,
When trying, but he tried in vain,
To coax me into Sermon Lane,
Or Paternoster's pious Row, —
But still I stood and grunted No!
Of Lane of Creed an equal scorner,
Till, bolting off at Amen Corner,
He cried, provoked at my evasion,
'Pigs, blow 'em! ar'n't of no persuasion!'"

"The more 's the pity, Bess, the more,"
Said, with sardonic grin, the Boar;
"If Pigs were Methodists and Bunyans,
They 'd make a sin of sage and onions;
The curse of endless flames indorse
On every boat of apple-sauce;
Give brine to Satan, and assess,
Blackpuddings with bloodguiltiness;
Yea, call down heavenly fire and smoke
To burn all Epping into coke!"

"Ay," cried the Sow, extremely placid,
In utter contrast to his acid,
"Ay, that would be a Sect indeed!
And every swine would like the creed,
The sausage-making curse and all;
And should some brother have a call,

To thump a cushion to that measure,
I would sit under him with pleasure ;
Nay, put down half my private fortune
T' endow a chapel at Hog's Norton. —
But what has this to do, my deary,
With their new Hebrew whigmaleery ? ”

“ Sow that you are ! this Bill, if current,
Would be as good as our death-warrant ;
And with its legislative friskings,
Loose twelve new tribes upon our griskins !
Unjew the Jews, what follows then ?
Why, they 'll eat pork like other men,
And you shall see a Rabbi dish up
A chine as freely as a Bishop !
Thousands of years have passed, and pork
Was never stuck on Hebrew fork ;
But now, suppose that relish rare
Fresh added to their bill of fare,
Fry, harslet, pettitoes, and chine,
Leg, choppers, bacon, ham and loin,
And then, beyond all goose or duckling — ”

“ Yes, yes, a little tender suckling !
It must be held the aptest savor
To make the eager mouth to slaver !
Merely to look on such a gruntling,
A plump, white, sleek, and sappy runtling,
It makes one — ah ! remembrance bitter !
It made me eat my own dear litter ! ”

“Think, then, with this new wakened fury,
How we should fare if tried by *Jewry* !
A pest upon the meddling Whigs !
There ’ll be a pretty run on pigs !
This very morn a Hebrew brother,
With three hats stuck on one another,
And o’er his arm a bag, or poke,
A thing pigs never find a joke,
Stopped—rip the fellow — though he knew
I ’ve neither coat to sell nor shoe,
And cocked his nose—right at me, lovey !
Just like a pointer at a covey !

To set our only friends agin us !
That neither care to fat nor thin us !
To boil, to broil, to roast, or fry us,
But act like real Christians by us !—
A murrain on all legislators !
Thin wash, sour grains, and rotten ’taters !
A bulldog at their ears and tails !
The curse of empty troughs and pails
Famish their flanks as thin as weasels !
May all their children have the measles ;
Or in the straw untimely smother,
Or make a dinner for the mother !
A cartwhip for all law inventors !
And rubbing-posts stuck full of tenters !
Yokes, rusty rings, and gates to hitch in,
And parish pounds to pine the fitch in,
Cold, and high winds, the Devil send ’em, —
And then may Sam the Sticker end ’em !”.

'T was strange to hear him how he swore !
A boar will curse, though like a boar,
While Bess, like Pity, at his side
Her swine-subduing voice supplied !
She bade him such a rage discard ;
That anger is a foe to lard ;
'T is bad for sugar to get wet,
And quite as bad for fat to fret ;
" Besides " — she argued thus at last —
" The Bill you fume at has not passed,
For why, the Commons and the Peers
Have come together by the ears :
Or rather, as we pigs repose,
One's tail beside the other's nose,
And thus, of course, take adverse views,
Whether of Gentiles or of Jews.
Who knows ? They say the Lords' ill-will
Has thrown out many a wholesome Bill,
And p'rhaps some Peer to Pigs propitious,
May swamp a measure so *Jew-dish-us* ! "

The Boar was conquered at a glance,
He saw there really was a chance —
That, as the Hebrew nose is hooked,
The Bill was equally as crooked ;
And might outlast, thank party embers,
A dozen tribes of Christian members ; —
So down he settled in the mud,
With smoother back, and cooler blood,
As mild, as quiet, a Blue Boar
As any over tavern-door.

MORAL.

The chance is small that any measure
Will give all classes equal pleasure ;
Since Tory Ministers or Whigs
Sometimes can't even "please the Pigs."

DRINKING SONG.

By a Member of a Temperance Society, as sung by Mr.
Spring, at Waterman's Hall.

COME, pass around the pail, boys, and give it no
quarter,

Drink deep, and drink oft, and replenish your
jugs,

Fill up, and I'll give you a toast to your water, —
The Turncock forever! that opens the plugs!

Then hey for a bucket, a bucket, a bucket,
Then hey for a bucket, filled up to the
brim!

Or, best of all notions, let's have it by
oceans,

With plenty of room for a sink or a
swim!

Let toppers of grape-juice exultingly vapor ;

But let us just whisper a word to the elves :

We water roads, horses, silks, ribands, bank-pa-
per,

Plants, poets, and muses, and why not ourselves ?
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

The vintage, they cry, think of Spain's and of
France's,

The jigs, the boleros, fandangos, and jumps ;
But water 's the spring of all civilized dances,
We go to a ball not in bottles, but *pumps* !
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

Let others of Dorchester quaff at their pleasure,
Or honor old Meux with their thirsty regard,—
We 'll drink Adam's ale, and we get it *pool* meas-
ure,

Or quaff heavy wet from the butt in the yard !
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

Some flatter gin, brandy, and rum, on their merits,
Grog, punch, and what not, that enliven a feast :
'T is true that they stir up the animal spirits,
But may not the animal turn out a beast ?
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

The Man of the Ark, who continued our species,
He saved us by water,—but as for the wine,
We all know the figure, more sad than facetious,
He made after tasting the juice of the vine.
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

In wine let a lover remember his jewel,
And pledge her in bumpers filled brimming
and oft ;
But we can distinguish the kind from the cruel,
And toast them in water, the *hard* or the *soft*.
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

Some crossed in their passion can never o'erlook it,
But take to a pistol, a knife, or a beam ;
While temperate swains are enabled to *brook* it
By help of a little meandering stream.
Then hey for a bucket, etc,

Should Fortune diminish our cash's sum-total,
Deranging our wits and our private affairs,
Though some in such cases would fly to the bottle,
There 's nothing like water for drowning our
cares.
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

See drinkers of water their wits never lacking,
Direct as a railroad and smooth in their gaits ;
But look at the bibbers of wine, they go tacking,
Like ships that have met a foul wind in the
straits.
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret, or Mountain,
A few scanty glasses must limit your wish,
But he 's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
The drinker that verily "drinks like a fish !"
Then hey for a bucket, etc.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

A PASTORAL REPORT.

ONE Sunday morning — service done —
'Mongst tombstones shining in the sun,
A knot of bumpkins stood to chat
Of that and this, and this and that ;
What people said of Polly Hatch, —
Which side had won the cricket match ;
And who was cotted, and who was bowled ;
How barley, beans, and 'taters sold, —
What men could swallow at a meal, —
When Bumstead Youths would ring a peal, —
And who was taken off to jail, —
And where they brewed the strongest ale, —
At last this question they address,
“ What 's Agricultural Distress ? ”

HODGE.

“ For my peart, it 's a thought o' mine,
It be the fancy farming line,
Like yonder gemman, — him I mean,
As took the Willa nigh the Green, —
And turned his cattle in the wheat ;
And gave his porkers hay to eat ;
And sent his footman up to town,
To ax the London gentry down,
To be so kind as make his hay,
Exactly on St. Swithin's day ; —

With consequences you may guess, —
That 's Hagricultural Distress."

DICKON.

" Last Monday morning, Master Blogg
Com'd for to stick our bacon-hog ;
But th' hog he cocked a knowing eye
As if he twigged the reason why,
And dodged and dodged 'un such a dance,
He did n't give the noose a chance ;
So Master Blogg at last lays off,
And shams a rattle at the trough,
When swish ! in bolts our bacon-hog
Atwixt the legs o' Master Blogg,
And flops him down in all the muck
As had n't been swept up by luck ; —
Now that, accordin' to my guess,
Be Hagricultural Distress."

GILES.

" No, that ar'n't it, I tell 'ee flat ;
I 'ze bring a worser case nor that !
Last Friday week, I takes a start
To Reading, with our horse and cart ;
Well, when I 'ze set the 'taters down,
I meets a crony at the Crown ;
And what betwixt the ale and Tom,
It 's dark afore I start for home ;
So whipping hard, by long and late,
At last we reaches nigh the gate,
And, sure enough, there Master stand,

A lantern flaring in his hand, —
'Why, Giles,' says he, 'what 's that 'un thear?
Yond' chestnut horse bean't my bay mear!
He bean't not worth a leg o' Bess!
There 's Hagricultural Distress!"

HOR.

"That 's nothin' yet, to Tom's mishap!
A-going through the yard, poor chap,
Only to fetch his milking pails,
When up he shies like head or tails;
Nor would the Bull let Tom a-be,
Till he had tossed the best o' three;—
And there lies Tom with broken bones,
A surgeon's job for Doctor Jones;
Well, Doctor Jones lays down the law,
'There 's two crackt ribs, besides a jaw, —
Eat well,' says he, 'stuff out your case,
For that will keep the ribs in place';
But how was Tom, poor chap, to chaw,
Seeing as how he 'd broke his jaw!
That 's summut to the pint, — yes, yes,
That 's Hagricultural Distress!"

SIMON.

"Well, turn and turn about is fair:
Tom 's bad enough, an so 's the mare;
But nothing to my load of hay, —
You see, 't was hard on quarter-day,
And cash was wanted for the rent;
So up to Lonnon I was sent

To sell as prime a load of hay
 As ever dried on summer's day.
 Well, standing in Whitechapel Road,
 A chap comes up to buy my load,
 And looks, and looks about the cart,
 Pretending to be cute and smart;
 But no great judge, as people say,
 'Cause why? he never smelt the hay.
 Thinks I, as he 's a simple chap,
 He 'll give a simple price mayhap;
 Such buyers come but now and then,
 So slap I axes nine pun' ten.
 'That 's dear,' says he, and pretty quick
 He taps his leather with his stick,
 'Suppose,' says he, 'we wet our clay
 Just while we bargain 'bout the hay.'
 So in we goes, my chap and me;
 He drinks to I, and I to he;
 At last, says I, a little gay,
 'It 's time to talk about that hay.'
 'Nine pund,' says he, 'and I 'm your man,
 Live and let live,—for that 's my plan.'
 'That 's true,' says I, 'but still I say,
 It 's nine pun' ten for that 'ere hay.
 And so we chaffers for a bit,
 At long and last the odds we split;
 And off he sets to show the way,
 Where up a yard I leaves the hay.
 Then, from the pocket of his coat
 He pulls a book, and picks a note.

'That 's ten,' says he,—'I hope to pay
Tens upon tens for loads of hay.'
'With all my heart, and soon,' says I,
And feeling for the change thereby;
But all my shillings comed to five,—
Says he, 'No matter, man alive!
There 's something in your honest phiz
I 'd trust, if twice the sum it is;
You 'll pay next time you come to town.'
'As sure,' says I, 'as corn is brown.'
'All right,' says he.—Thinks I, 'huzza!
He's got no bargain of the hay.'

"Well, home I goes, with empty cart,
Whipping the horses pretty smart,
And whistling every yard o' way,
To think how well I'd sold the hay,—
And just cotched master at his greens
And bacon, or it might be beans,
Which did n't taste the worst surely,
To hear his hay had gone so high.
But lord! when I laid down the note,
It stuck the victuals in his throat,
And choked him till his face all grew
Like pickling-cabbage, red and blue;
With such big goggle eyes, Ods nails!
They seemed a-coming out like snails!
'A note!' says he, half mad with passion,
'Why, thou dom'd fool, thou 'st took a flash 'un!'
Now, was n't that a pretty mess?
That 's Hagricultural Distress."

COLIN.

“Phoo! phoo! You ’re nothing near the thing!
You only argy in a ring;
’Cause why? You never cares to look,
Like me, in any larned book;
But schollards know the wrong and right
Of every thing in black and white.

“Well, Farming, that ’s its common name,
And Agriculture be the same:
So put your Farming first, and next
Distress, and there you have your text.
But here the question comes to press,
What farming be, and what ’s distress?
Why, farming is to plough and sow,
Weed, harrow, harvest, reap, and mow,
Thrash, winnow, sell, and buy and breed
The proper stock to fat and feed.
Distress is want, and pain, and grief,
And sickness, — things as wants relief;
Thirst, hunger, age, and cold severe;
In short, ax any overseer, —
Well, now, the logic for to chop,
Where ’s the distress about a crop?
There ’s no distress in keeping sheep,
I likes to see them frisk and leap;
There ’s no distress in seeing swine
Grow up to pork and bacon fine;
There ’s no distress in growing wheat
And grass for men or beasts to eat;

And making of lean cattle fat,
 There's no distress, of course, in that.
 Then what remains? — But one thing more,
 And that's the *Farming of the Poor?* ”

HODGE, DICKON, GILES, HOB, AND SIMON.

Yea! — ay! — surely! — for sartin! — yes! —
That's Hagricultural Distress! ”

HIT OR MISS.

“Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
 Forgathered ance upon a time.” — Burns.

ONE morn, — it was the very morn
 September's sportive month was born, —
 The hour, about the sunrise, early;
 The sky, gray, sober, still, and pearly,
 With sundry orange streaks and tinges
 Through daylight's door, at cracks and hinges;
 The air, calm, bracing, freshly cool,
 As if just skimmed from off a pool;
 The scene, red, russet, yellow, leaden,
 From stubble, fern, and leaves that deaden,
 Save here and there a turnip patch
 Too verdant with the rest to match;
 And far a-field a hazy figure,
 Some roaming lover of the trigger.
 Meanwhile the level light, perchance,

Picked out his barrel with a glance ;
For all around a distant popping
Told birds were flying off or dropping.
Such was the morn, — a morn right fair
To seek for covey or for hare, —
When, lo ! too far from human feet
For even Ranger's boldest beat,
A dog, as in some doggish trouble,
Came cant'ring through the crispy stubble,
With dappled head in lowly droop,
But not the scientific stoop ;
And flagging, dull, desponding ears,
As if they had been soaked in tears,
And not the beaded dew that hung
The filmy stalks and weeds among.
His pace, indeed, seemed not to know
An errand, why, or where to go,
To trot, to walk, or scamper swift, —
In short, he seemed a dog adrift ;
His very tail, a listless thing,
With just an accidental swing,
Like rudder to the ripple veering,
When nobody on board was steering.

So dull and moody, cantered on
Our vagrant pointer, christened Don ;
When, rising o'er a gentle slope,
That gave his view a better scope,
He spied, some dozen furrows distant,
But in a spot as inconsistent,

A second dog across his track,
Without a master to his back ;
As if for wages, workman-like,
The sporting breed had made a strike,
Resolved nor birds nor puss to seek,
Without another paunch a week !

This other was a truant curly,
But, for a spaniel, wondrous surly ;
Instead of curvets gay and brisk,
He slouched along without a frisk,
With dogged air, as if he had
A good half mind to running mad ;
Mayhap the shaking at his ear
Had been a quaver too severe ;
Mayhap the whip's "exclusive dealing"
Had too much hurt e'en spaniel feeling,
Nor if he had been cut, 't was plain
He did not mean to come again.

Of course the pair soon spied each other ;
But neither seemed to own a brother ;
The course on both sides took a curve,
As dogs when shy are apt to swerve ;
But each o'er back and shoulder throwing
A look to watch the other's going,
Till, having cleared sufficient ground,
With one accord they turned them round,
And squatting down, for forms not caring,
At one another fell to staring ;

As if not proof against a touch
Of what plagues humankind so much,
A prying itch to get at notions
Of all their neighbors' looks and motions.

Sir Don at length was first to rise, —
The better dog in point of size, —
And, snuffing all the ground between,
Set off with easy jaunty mien ;
While Dash, the stranger, rose to greet him,
And made a dozen steps to meet him ;
Their noses touched, and rubbed awhile,
(Some savage nations use the style)
And then their tails a wag began,
Though on a very cautious plan,
But in their signals quantum suff.
To say, " A civil dog enough."

Thus having held out olive branches,
They sank again, though not on haunches,
But couchant, with their under jaws
Resting between the two fore-paws,
The prelude, on a luckier day,
Or sequel, to a game of play :
But now they were in dumps, and thus
Began their worries to discuss,
The Pointer, coming to the point
The first, on times so out of joint.
" Well, Friend, — so here's a new September,
As fine a first as I remember ;

And, thanks to such an early Spring,
Plenty of birds, and strong on wing."

"Birds!" cried the little crusty chap,
As sharp and sudden as a snap,
"A weasel suck them in the shell!
What matter birds, or flying well,
Or fly at all, or sporting weather,
If fools with guns can't hit a feather!"

"Ay, there's the rub, indeed," said Don,
Putting his gravest visage on;
"In vain we beat our beaten way,
And bring our *organs* into play,
Unless the proper killing kind
Of *barrel-tunes* are played behind:
But when *we* shoot—that's me and Squire—
We hit as often as we fire."

"More luck for you!" cried little Woolly,
Who felt the cruel contrast fully;
"More luck for you, and Squire to boot!
We miss as often as we shoot!"

"Indeed! — No wonder you're unhappy!
I thought you looking rather snappy;
But fancied when I saw you jogging,
You had an overdose of flogging;
Or p'rhaps the gun its range had tried,
While you were ranging rather wide."

“ Me! running, — running wide, — and hit!
Me shot! what, peppered? — Deuce a bit!
I almost wish I had! That Dunce,
My master, then would hit for once!
Hit me! Lord how you talk! why zounds!
He could n’t hit a pack of hounds!”

“ Well, that must be a case provoking.
What, *never* — but, you dog, you ’re joking!
I see a sort of wicked grin
About your jaw, you ’re keeping in.”

“ A joke! an old tin kettle’s clatter
Would be as much a joking matter.
To tell the truth, that dog-disaster
Is just the type of me and master,
When fagging over hill and dale,
With his vain rattle at my tail.
Bang, bang, and bang, the whole day’s run,
But *leading* nothing but his gun, —
The very shot, I fancy, hisses,
It ’s sent upon such awful misses!”

“ Of course it does! But p’rhaps the fact is,
Your master’s hand is out of practice!”

“ Practice? — no doctor, where you will,
Has finer, — but he cannot kill!
These three years past, through furze and furrow,
All covers I have hunted thorough;

Flushed cocks and snipes about the moors ;
And put up hares by scores and scores ;
Coveys of birds, and lots of pheasants ; —
Yes, game enough to send in presents
To every friend he has in town,
Provided he had knocked it down :
But no — the whole three years together,
He has not given me flick or feather —
For all that I have had to do
I wish I had been missing too ! ”

“ Well, such a hand would drive me mad,
But is he truly quite so bad ? ”

“ Bad ! — worse ! — you cannot underscore him ;
If I could put up, just before him,
The great Balloon that paid the visit
Across the water, he would miss it !
Bite him ! I do believe, indeed,
It ’s in his very blood and breed !
It marks his life, and runs all through it ;
What can be missed, he ’s sure to do it.
Last Monday he came home to Tooting,
Dog-tired, as if he ’d been a-shooting,
Aud kicks at me to vent his rage, —
‘ Get out ! ’ says he, — ‘ I ’ve missed the stage ! ’
Of course, thought I, — what chance of hitting ?
You ’d miss the Norwich wagon, sitting ! ”

“ Why, he must be the county’s scoff !
He ought to leave, and not let, off !

As fate denies his shooting wishes,
Why don't he take to catching fishes?
Or any other sporting game,
That don't require a bit of aim?"

"Not he! — Some dogs of human kind
Will hunt by sight, because they 're blind.
My master angle! — no such luck!
There he might strike, who never struck!
My master shoots because he can't,
And has an eye that aims aslant;
Nay, just by way of making trouble,
He 's changed his single gun for double:
And now, as girls a-walking do,
His *misses* go by two and two!
I wish he had the mange, or reason
As good, to miss the shooting season!"

"Why, yes, it must be main unpleasant
To point to covey, or to pheasant;
For snobs, who, when the point is mooted,
Think *letting fly* as good as shooting!"

"Snobs! — if he 'd wear his ruffled shirts,
Or coats with water-wagtail skirts,
Or trousers in the place of smalls,
Or those tight fits he wears at balls,
Or pumps, and boots with tops, mayhap,
Why we might pass for Snip and Snap,
And shoot like blazes! fly or sit,

And none would stare unless we hit.
But no, — to make the more combustion,
He goes in gaiters and in fustian
Like Captain Ross, or Topping Sparks,
And deuce a miss but some one marks !
For Keepers, shy of such encroachers,
Dog us about like common poachers !
Many 's the covey I 've gone by,
When underneath a sporting eye ;
Many a puss I 've twigg'd, and passed her, —
I miss 'em to prevent my master ! ”

“ And so should I in such a case !
There 's nothing feels so like disgrace,
Or gives you such a scurvy look, —
A kick and pail of slush from Cook,
Cleftsticks, or Kettle, all in one,
As standing to a missing gun !
It 's whirl ! and bang ! and off you bound,
To catch your bird before the ground ;
But no, — a pump and ginger pop
As soon would get a bird to drop !
So there you stand, quite struck a-heap,
Till all your tail is gone to sleep ;
A sort of stiffness in your nape,
Holding your head well up to gape ;
While off go birds across the ridges,
First small as flies, and then as midges,
Cocksure, as they are living chicks,
Death's Door is not at Number Six ! ”

“Yes! yes! and then you look at master,
The cause of all the late disaster,
Who gives a stamp, and raps an oath
At gun, or birds, or maybe both;
P'rhaps curses you, and all your kin,
To raise the hair upon your skin!
Then loads, rams down, and fits new caps,
To go and hunt for more miss-haps!”

“Yes! yes! but, sick and sad, you feel
But one long wish to go to heel;
You cannot scent for cutting mugs, —
Your nose is turning up, like Pug's;
You can't hold up, but plod and mope;
Your tail 's like sodden end of rope,
That o'er a wind-bound vessel's side
Has soaked in harbor, tide and tide.
Or thorns and scratches, till, that moment
Unnoticed, you begin to comment
You never felt such bitter brambles,
Such heavy soil in all your rambles!
You never felt your fleas so vicious!
Till, sick of life so unpropitious,
You wish at last, to end the passage,
That you were dead, and in your sassage!”

“Yes! that 's a miss from end to end!
But, zounds! you draw so well, my friend,
You 've made me shiver, skin and gristle,
As if I heard my master's whistle!

Though how you came to learn the knack, —
I thought your Squire was quite a crack !”

“ And so he is ! — He always hits, —
And sometimes hard, and all to bits.
But ere with him our tongues we task,
I ’ve still one little thing to ask ;
Namely, with such a random master,
Of course you sometimes want a plaster ?
Such missing hands make game of more
Than ever passed for game before —
A pounded pig — a widow’s cat —
A patent ventilating hat —
For shot, like mud, when thrown so thick,
Will find a coat whereon to stick !”

“ What ! accidentals, as they ’re termed ?
No, never — none — since I was wormed, —
Not e’en the Keeper’s fatted calves, —
My master does not miss by halves !
His shot are like poor orphans, hurled
Abroad upon the whole wide world ;
But whether they be blown to dust,
As oftentimes I think they must,
Or melted down too near the sun,
What comes of them is known to none, —
I never found, since I could bark,
A Barn that bore my master’s mark !”

“ Is that the case ? — Why then, my brother,
Would we could swap with one another !

Or take the Squire, with all my heart,
Nay, all my liver, so we part!
He 'll hit you hares — (he uses cartridge)
He 'll hit you cocks — he 'll hit a partridge;
He 'll hit a snipe — he 'll hit a pheasant;
He 'll hit — he 'll hit whatever 's present;
He 'll always hit — as that 's your wish —
His pepper never lacks a dish!"

"Come, come, you banter — let 's be serious;
I 'm sure that I am half delirious,
Your picture set me so a-sighing —
But does he shoot so well — shoot flying?"

"Shoot flying? Yes, and running, walking —
I 've seen him shoot two farmers talking —
He 'll hit the game, whene'er he can,
But failing that, he 'll hit a man,
A boy, a horse's tail or head,
Or make a pig a pig of lead;
O friend! they say no dog as yet,
However hot, was known to sweat,
But sure I am that I perspire
Sometimes *before my master's fire!*
Misses! no, no, he *always* hits,
But so as puts me into fits!
He shot my fellow dog this morning,
Which seemed to me sufficient warning!"

"Quite, quite, enough! — So that 's a hitter!
Why, my own fate I thought was bitter,

And full excuse for cut and run ;
But give me still the missing gun !
Or rather, Sirius ! send me this,
No gun at all, to hit or miss,
Since sporting seems to shoot thus double,
That right or left it brings us trouble !”

So ended Dash ;—and Pointer Don
Prepared to urge the moral on ;
But here a whistle long and shrill
Came sounding o’er the council hill,
And starting up, as if their tails
Had felt the touch of shoes and nails,
Away they scampered down the slope,
As fast as other pairs elope ;
Resolved, instead of sporting rackets,
To beg or dance in fancy jackets ;
At butchers’ shops to try their luck ;
To help to draw a cart or truck ;
Or lead stone blind poor men, at most
Who could but hit or miss a post.

ALL ROUND MY HAT.

A NEW VERSION.

"Meditate — meditate, I beseech you, upon Trim's hat."

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

COME, my old hat, my steps attend !
However wags may sneer and scoff,
My castor still shall be my friend,
For I'll not be a caster-off.
So take again your olden place,
That always found you fit and pat,
Whatever mode might please the race,
All round my hat, all round my hat !

All round the world, while I've a head,
However I may chance to be
Without a home, without a shed,
My tile shall be a roof to me.
Black, rusty, gray, devoid of pelt,
A shocking shape, or beaten flat,
Still there are joys that may be felt
All round my hat, all round my hat !

The Quaker loves an ample brim,
A hat that bows to no Salam, —
And dear the beaver is to him
As if it never made a dam.
All men in drab he calleth friends ; —

But there's a broader brim than that, —
Give me the love that comprehends
All round my hat, all round my hat!

The Monarch binds his brows in gold,
With gems and pearls to sparkle there;
But still a hat, a hat that's old,
They say is much more easy wear.
At regal state I'll not repine
For Kaiser, King, or Autocrat,
Whilst there's a golden sun to shine
All round my hat, all round my hat!

The soldier seeks the field of death;
He fights, he fires, he faints, he falls,
To gain an airy laurel wreath,
With berries made of musket-balls.
No love have I for shot and shell,
With hissings sharp that end in flat, —
Chafers and gnats sing just as well
All round my hat, all round my hat!

As yet, my hat, you've got a crown;
A little nap the brush can find;
You are not very, very brown,
Nor very much scrubbed up behind.
As yet your brim is broad and brave, —
I took some little care of that,
By not saluting every knave
All round my hat, all round my hat!

As yet, my hat, I've got a house,
And dine as other people do ;
And fate propitious still allows
A home for me — a peg for you.
But say my bread were but a crumb,
Myself as poor as any rat, —
Why, I would cry, " Good people, come
All round my hat, all round my hat ! "

As yet, the best of womankind
Continues all that wife should be,
And in the self-same room I find
Her bonnet and my hat agree.
But say the bliss should not endure,
That she should turn a perfect cat, —
I'd trust to time to bring a cure,
All round my hat, all round my hat !

No acres broad pertain to me,
To furnish cattle, coal, or corn ;
Like people that are born at sea,
There was no land where I was born :
Yet, when my flag of life is furled,
What landlord can do more than that ?
I'll leave my heir the whole wide world,
All round my hat, all round my hat !

BEN BLUFF.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"Pahaw, you are not on a whaling voyage, where everything that offers is game." — THE PILOT.

BEN BLUFF was a whaler, and many a day
Had chased the huge fish about Baffin's old Bay;
But time brought a change his diversion to spoil,
And that was when Gas took the shine out of Oil.

He turned up his nose at the fumes of the coke,
And swore the whole scheme was a bottle of smoke:
As to London, he briefly delivered his mind,
"Sparma-city," said he, — but the city declined.

So Ben cut his line in a sort of a huff,
As soon as his whales had brought profits enough,
And hard by the Docks settled down for his life,
But, true to his text, went to Wales for a wife.

A big one she was, without figure or waist,
More bulky than lovely, but that was his taste;
In fat she was lapped from her sole to her crown,
And, turned into oil, would have lighted a town.

But Ben, like a whaler, was charmed with the match,
And thought, very truly, his spouse a great catch;
A flesh-and-blood emblem of Plenty and Peace,
And would not have changed her for Helen of
Greece!

For Greenland was green in his memory still ;
He'd quitted his trade, but retained the good-will ;
And often when softened by bumbo and flip,
Would cry till he blubbered about his old ship.

No craft like the Grampus could work through a floe,
What knots she could run, and what tons she could
 stow !

And then that rich smell he preferred to the rose,
By just nosing the hold without holding his nose.

Now Ben he resolved, one fine Saturday night,
A snug arctic circle of friends to invite ;
Old tars in the trade, who related old tales,
And drank, and blew clouds that were " very like
 whales."

Of course with their grog there was plenty of chat,
Of canting, and flenching, and cutting up fat ;
And how gun-harpoons into fashion had got,
And if they were meant for the gun-whale or not?

At last they retired, and left Ben to his rest,
By fancies cetaceous and drink well possessed,
When, lo ! as he lay by his partner in bed,
He heard something blow through two holes in its
 head !

" A start !" muttered Ben, in the Grampus afloat,
And made but one jump from the deck to the boat !
" Huzza ! pull away for the blubber and bone, —
I look on that whale as already my own ! "

Then groping about by the light of the moon,
He soon laid his hand on his trusty harpoon ;
A moment he poised it, to send it more pat,
And then made a plunge to imbed it in fat !

“ Starn all ! ” he sang out, “ as you care for your
lives, —

Starn all ! as you hope to return to your wives, —
Stand by for the flurry ! she throws up the foam !
Well done, my old iron ; I’ve sent you right home ! ”

And scarce had he spoken, when lo ! bolt upright
The leviathan rose in a great sheet of white,
And swiftly advanced for a fathom or two,
As only a fish out of water could do.

“ Starn all ! ” echoed Ben, with a movement aback,
But too slow to escape from the creature’s attack ;
If flippers it had, they were furnished with nails, —
“ You willin, I’ll teach you that women ain’t
whales ! ”

“ Avast ! ” shouted Ben, with a sort of a screech,
“ I’ve heard a whale spouting, but here is a speech ! ”
“ A-spouting, indeed ! — very pretty,” said she ;
“ But it’s you I’ll blow up, not the froth of the sea !

“ To go to pretend to take *me* for a fish !
You great polar bear — but I know what you wish ;
You’re sick of a wife that your hankering balks,
You want to go back to some young Esquimaux ! ”

"O dearest," cried Ben, frightened out of his life,
"Don't think I would go for to murder a wife
I must long have bewailed!" But she only cried
"Stuff!

Don't name it, 'you brute, you've *be-whaled* me
enough!"

"Lord, Polly!" said Ben, "such a deed could I do?
I'd rather have murdered all Wapping than you!
Come, forgive what is past." "O you monster!"
she cried,

"It was none of your fault that it passed off one side!"

However, at last she inclined to forgive;
"But, Ben, take this warning as long as you live,—
If the love of harpooning so strong must prevail,
Take a whale for a wife,—not a wife for a whale!"

RURAL FELICITY.

WELL, the country's a pleasant place, sure enough,
for people that's country born,
And useful, no doubt, in a natural way, for grow-
ing our grass and our corn.
It was kindly meant of my cousin Giles, to write
and invite me down,
Though as yet all I've seen of a pastoral life only
makes one more partial to town.

At first I thought I was really come down into all
sorts of rural bliss,
For Porkington Place, with its cows and its pigs,
and its poultry, looks not much amiss ;
There's something about a dairy farm, with its
different kinds of live stock,
That puts one in mind of Paradise, and Adam
and his innocent flock ;
But somehow the good old Elysian fields have not
been well handed down,
And as yet I have found no fields to prefer to dear
Leicester fields up in town.

To be sure it is pleasant to walk in the meads, and
so I should like for miles,
If it was n't for clodpoles of carpenters that put
up such crooked stiles ;
For the bars jut out, and you must jut out, till
you're almost broken in two ;
If you clamber you're certain sure of a fall, and
you stick if you try to creep through.
Of course, in the end, one learns how to climb
without constant tumbles-down,
But still, as to walking so stylishly, it's pleasanter
done about town.
There's a way, I know, to avoid the stiles, and
that's by a walk in a lane,
And I did find a very nice shady one, but I never
dared go again ;
For who should I meet but a rampaging bull, that
would n't be kept in the pound,

A trying to toss the whole world at once, by sticking his horns in the ground.
And that, by-the-by, is another thing, that pulls rural pleasures down,
Every day in the country is cattle-day, and there's only two up in town.
Then I've rose with the sun, to go brushing away at the first early pearly dew,
And to meet Aurory, or whatever's her name, and I always get wetted through ;
My shoes are like sops, and I caught a bad cold, and a nice draggle-tail to my gown,
That's not the way that we bathe our feet, or wear our pearls, up in town !
As for picking flowers, I have tried at a hedge, sweet eglantine roses to snatch,
But, mercy on us ! how nettles will sting, and how the long brambles do scratch ;
Besides hitching my hat on a nasty thorn that tore all the bows from the crown ;
One may walk long enough without hats branching off, or losing one's bows, about town.
But worse than that, in a long rural walk, suppose that it blows up for rain,
And all at once you discover yourself in a real St. Swithin's Lane ;
And while you're running all ducked and drowned, and pelted with sixpenny drops,
"Fine weather," you hear the farmers say ; "a nice growing shower for the crops !"

But who's to crop me another new hat, or grow
me another new gown?
For you can't take a shilling fare with a plough,
as you do with the hackneys in town.

Then my nevys too, they must drag me off to go
with them gathering nuts,
And we always set out by the longest way and re-
turn by the shortest cuts.
Short cuts, indeed! But it's nuts to them, to get
a poor lustyish aunt
To scramble through gaps or jump over a ditch,
when they're morally certain she can't;
For whenever I get in some awkward scrape, and
it's almost daily the case,
Though they don't laugh out, the mischievous
brats, I see the 'hooray'! in their face.

There's the other day, for my sight is short, and
I saw what was green beyond,
And thought it was all terry firmer and grass till
I walked in the duckweed pond:
Or perhaps when I've pulley-hauled up a bank
they see me come launching down,
As none but a stout London female can do as is
come a first time out of town.
Then how sweet, some say, on a mossy bank a
verdurous seat to find,
But, for my part, I always found it a joy that
brought a repentance behind;

For the juicy grass with its nasty green has
 stained a whole breadth of my gown, —
And when gowns are dyed, I needn't say, it's much
 better done up in town.
As for country fare, the first morning I came I
 heard such a shrill piece of work !
And ever since — and it's ten days ago, — we've
 lived upon nothing but pork ;
One Sunday except, and then I turned sick, — a
 plague take all countrified cooks !
Why did n't they tell me, *before* I had dined, they
 made pigeon-pies of the rooks ?
Then the gooseberry wine, though it's pleasant
 when up, it does n't agree when it's down,
But it served me right, like a gooseberry fool, to
 look for champagne out of town !
To be sure, Cousin G. meant it all for the best,
 when he started this pastoral plan,
And his wife is a worthy domestical soul, and she
 teaches me all that she can,
Such as making of cheese, and curing of hams,
 but I'm sure that I never shall learn,
And I've fetched more back-ache than butter as
 yet by chumping away at the churn ;
But in making hay, though it's tanning work, I've
 found it more easy to make,
But it tires one's legs, and no great relief when
 you're tired to sit down on the rake.
I'd a country-dance too at harvest home, with a
 regular country clown,

But, Lord! they don't hug one round the waist
and give one such smacks in town!
Then I've tried to make friends with the birds and
the beasts, but they take to such curious rigs,
I'm always at odds with the turkey-cock, and I
can't even please the pigs.
The very hens pick holes in my hands when I
grope for the new-laid eggs,
And the gander comes hissing out of the pond on
purpose to flap at my legs.
I've been bumped in a ditch by the cow without
horns, and the old sow trampled me down,
The beasts are as vicious as any wild beasts,—but
they're kept in cages in town!
Another thing is the nasty dogs,—through the
village I hardly can stir,
Since giving a bumpkin a pint of beer just to call
off a barking cur;
And now you would swear all the dogs in the
place were set on to hunt me down,
But neither the brutes nor the people, I think, are
as civilly bred as in town.
Last night, about twelve, I was scared broad
awake, and all in a tremble of fright,
But, instead of a family murder, it proved an owl
that flies screeching at night.
Then there's plenty of ricks and stacks all about,
and I can't help dreaming of Swing,—
In short, I think that a pastoral life is not the
most happiest thing;

For besides all the troubles I've mentioned before,
as endured for rurality's sake,
I've been stung by the bees, and I've sat among
ants, and once — ugh! I trod on a snake!
And as to mosquitoes, they tortured me so, for I've
got a particular skin,
I do think it's the gnats coming out of the ponds
that drives the poor suicides in!
And, after all, ain't there new-laid eggs to be had
upon Holborn Hill?
And dairy-fed pork in Broad St. Giles's, and fresh
butter wherever you will?
And a covered cart that brings Cottage Bread
quite rustical-like and brown?
So one is n't so very uncountrified in the very heart
of the town.
Howsomever my mind's made up, and although
I'm sure Cousin Giles will be vexed,
I mean to book me an inside place up to town
upon Saturday next,
And if nothing happens, soon after ten, I shall be
at the Old Bell and Crown,
And perhaps I may come to the country again,
when London is all burnt down!

A FLYING VISIT.

"A Calendar! a Calendar! look in the Almanac,—find out moonshine,—find out moonshine!"—MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

THE by-gone September,
 As folks may remember,
 At least if their memory saves but an ember,
 One fine afternoon,
 There went up a Balloon,
 Which did not return to the Earth very soon.

For, nearing the sky,
 At about a mile high,
 The Aeronaut bold had resolved on a fly;
 So cutting his string,
 In a Parasol thing,
 Down he came in a field like a lark from the
 wing.

Meanwhile, thus adrift,
 The Balloon made a shift
 To rise very fast, with no burden to lift;
 It got very small,
 Then to nothing at all;
 And then rose the question of where it would fall?

Some thought that, for lack
 Of the man and his pack,
 'T would rise to the Cherub that watches poor
 Jack;

Some held, but in vain,
With the first heavy rain,
’T would surely come down to the Gardens again !

But still not a word
For a month could be heard
Of what had become of the Wonderful Bird :
The firm of Gye and Hughes,
Wore their boots out and shoes,
In running about and inquiring for news.

Some thought it must be
Tumbled into the sea ;
Some thought it had gone off to high Germanie ;
For Germans, as shown
By their writings, ’t is known
Are always delighted with what is high-flown.

Some hinted a bilk,
And that maidens who milk,
In far distant Shire would be walking in silk :
Some swore that it must,
“ As they said at the *fust*,
Have gone agin flashes of lightning, and *bust* ! ”

However, at last,
When six weeks had gone past,
Intelligence came of a plausible cast ;
A wondering clown,
At a hamlet near town,
Had seen “ like a moon of green cheese ” coming
down.

Soon spread the alarm,
And from cottage and farm,
The natives buzzed out like the bees when they
 swarm;
And off ran the folk —
It is such a good joke —
To see the descent of a bagful of smoke!

And, lo! the machine,
Dappled yellow and green,
Was plainly enough in the clouds to be seen:
 " Yes, yes," was the cry,
 " It 's the old one, surely,
Where *can* it have been such a time in the sky?

 " Lord! where will it fall?
 It can't find out Vauxhall,
Without any pilot to guide it at all!"
 Some wagered that Kent
 Would behold the event,
Debrett had been posed to *predict* its descent.

Some thought it would pitch
In the old Tower Ditch;
Some swore on the Cross of St. Paul's it would
 hitch,
And farmers cried, " Zounds!
If it drops on our grounds,
We'll try if Balloons can't be put into pounds!"

But still to and fro
It continued to go,
As if looking out for soft places below ;
No difficult job, —
It had only to bob
Slap-dash down at once on the heads of the mob :

Who, too apt to stare
At some castle in air,
Forget that the earth is their proper affair ;
Till, watching the fall
Of some soap-bubble ball,
They tumble themselves with a terrible sprawl.

Meanwhile, from its height,
Stooping downward in flight,
The Phenomenon came more distinctly in sight :
Still bigger and bigger,
And, strike me a nigger
Unfreed, if there was not a live human figure '

Yes, plain to be seen,
Underneath the machine,
There dangled a mortal ;— some swore it was
Green ;
Some Mason could spy ;
Others named Mr. Gye ;
Or Hollond, compelled by the Belgians to fly.

'T was Graham the flighty,
Whom the Duke, high and mighty,


Resigned to take care of his own lignum-vitæ ;
 'T was Hampton, whose whim
 Was in Cloudland to swim,
Till e'en Little Hampton looked little to him !

 But all were at fault ;
 From the heavenly vault
The falling balloon came at last to a halt ;
 And bounce ! with the jar
 Of descending so far,
An outlandish Creature was thrown from the car !

 At first with the jolt
 All his wits made a bolt,
As if he 'd been flung by a mettlesome colt ;
 And while in his faint,
 To avoid all complaint,
The Muse shall endeavor his portrait to paint.

 The face of this elf,
 Round as platter of delf,
Was pale as if only a cast of itself :
 His head had a rare
 Fleece of silvery hair,
Just like the Albino at Bartlemy Fair.

 His eyes they were odd,
 Like the eyes of a cod,
And gave him the look of a watery god.
 His nose was a snub ;
 Under which, for his grub,
Was a round open mouth like to that of a chub.



His person was small,
 Without figure at all,
 A plump little body as round as a ball :
 With two little fins,
 And a couple of pins,
 With what has been christened a bow in the shins.

His dress it was new,
 A full suit of sky-blue ;
 With bright silver buckles in each little shoe ;
 Thus painted complete,
 From his head to his feet,
 Conceive him laid flat in Squire Hopkins's wheat !

Fine text for the crowd !
 Who disputed aloud
 What sort of a creature had dropped from the
 cloud —
 " He 's come from o'er seas,
 He 's a Cochin Chinese, —
 By jingo ! he 's one of the wild Cherokees ! "

" Don't nobody know ? "
 " He 's a young Esquimaux,
 Turned white, like the hares, by the Arctical
 snow."
 " Some angel, my dear,
 Sent from some upper *spear*
 For Plumbtree or Agnew, too good for this-here ! "

Meanwhile, with a sigh,
 Having opened one eye,
 The stranger rose up on his seat by and by;
 And finding his tongue,
 Thus he said or he sung,
"Mi criký bo biggamy kickery bung!"

"Lord! what does he speak?"
 "It's Dog-Latin—it's Greek!"
 "It's some sort of slang for to puzzle a Beak!"
 "It's no like the Scotch,"
 Said a Scot on the watch,
 "Phoo! it's nothing at all but a kind of hotch-
 potch!"

"It's not parley voo,"
 Cried a schoolboy or two,
 "Nor Hebrew at all," said a wandering Jew.
 Some held it was sprung
 From the Irvingite tongue,
 The same that is used by a child very young.

Some guessed it high Dutch,
 Others thought it had much
 In sound of the true Hoky-poky-ish touch;
 But none could be poz,
 What the Dickens! (not Boz)
 No mortal could tell what the Dickens it was!

When who should come pat,
 In a moment like that,

But Bowring, to see what the people were at, —
A doctor well able,
Without any fable,
To talk and translate all the babble of Babel.

So just drawing near,
With a vigilant ear,
That took every syllable in, very clear,
Before one could sip
Up a tumbler of flip,
He knew the whole tongue, from the root to the
tip!

Then stretching his hand,
As you see Daniel stand
In the Feast of Belshazzar, that picture so grand!
Without more delay,
In the Hamilton way
He Englished whatever the elf had to say.

“ Krak kraziboo ban,
I 'm the Lunatic Man,
Confined in the Moon since creation began, —
Sit muggy bigog,
Whom, except in a fog,
You see with a Lantern, a Bush, and a Dog.

“ Lang sinery lear,
For this many a year,
I 've longed to drop in at your own little sphere ;

Och, pad-mad aroon
Till one fine afternoon,
I found that Wind-Coach on the horns of the Moon.

"Cush quackery go,
But, besides, you must know,
I'd heard of a profiting Prophet below ;
Big botherum blether,
Who pretended to gather
The tricks that the Moon meant to play with the
weather.

"So Orismus an crash,
Being shortish of cash,
I thought I'd a right to partake of the hash,—
Slik mizzle an smak,
So I'm come with a pack,
To sell to the trade, of My Own Almanac.

"Fiz, bobbery pershal,
Besides aims commercial,
Much wishing to honor my friend Sir John Her-
schel,
Cum puddin and tame,
It's inscribed to his name,
Which is now at the full in celestial fame.

"Wept wepton wish wept,
Pray this copy accept,"——
But here on the stranger some kidnappers leaped :
For why ? a shrewd man

Had devised a sly plan
The Wonder to grab for a show-caravan.
So plotted, so done —
With a fight as in fun,
While mock pugilistical rounds were begun,
A knave who could box,
And give right and left knocks,
Caught hold of the Prize by his silvery locks.

And hard he had fared,
But the people were scared
By what the Interpreter roundly declared :
“ You ignorant Turks !
You will be your own Burkes, —
He holds all the keys of the lunary works !

“ You ’d best let him go !
If you keep him below,
The Moon will not change, and the tides will
not flow ;
He left her at full,
And with such a long pull,
Zounds ! every man Jack will run mad like a bull ! ”

So awful a threat
Took effect on the set ;
The fright, though, was more than their Guest
could forget ;
So, taking a jump,
In the car he came plump,
And threw all the ballast right out in a lump.

Up soared the machine,
 With its yellow and green ;
 But still the pale face of the Creature was seen,
 Who cried from the car,
" Dam in yooman bi gar ! "
 That is, — " What a sad set of villains you are ! "

Howbeit, at some height,
 He threw down quite a flight
 Of Almanacs, wishing to set us all right, —
 And, thanks to the boon,
 We shall see very soon
 If Murphy knows most, or the Man in the Moon !

STANZAS.

WITH the good of our country before us,
 Why play the mere partisan's game ?
 Lo ! the broad flag of England is o'er us,
 And behold on both sides 't is the same !

Not for this, not for that, not for any,
 Not for these, nor for those, but for all, —
 To the last drop of blood, the last penny,
 Together let's stand, or let's fall !

Tear down the vile signs of a faction,
 Be the national banner unfurled, —
 And if we must have any faction, —
 Be it " Britain against all the world."

THE DOVES AND THE CROWS.

COME all ye sable girls and boys,
 Ye coal-black Brothers, — Sooty Sisters, come!
 With Kitty-Katties make a joyful noise;
 With snaky-snekies, and the Eboe drum!
 From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Play, Sambo, play, — and, Obadiah, groan!

Ye vocal Blackbirds, bring your native pipes,
 Your own *Moor's* Melodies, ye niggers, bring;
 To celebrate the fall of chains and stripes,
 Sing "Possum up a gum-tree," — roar and sing!
 From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Chaunt, Sambo, chaunt, — and, Obadiah, groan!

Bring all your woolly pickaninnies dear, —
 Bring John Canoe and all his jolly gang:
 Stretch every blubber-mouth from ear to ear,
 And let the driver in his whip go hang!
 From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Grin, Sambo, grin, — and, Obadiah, groan!

Your working garb indignantly renounce;
 Discard your slops in honor of the day, —
 Come all in frill, and furbelow, and flounce,
 Come all as fine as Chimney Sweeps in May, —
 From this day forth your freedom is your own:
Dress, Sambo, dress, — and, Obadiah, groan!

Come, join together in the dewy dance,
 With melting maids in steamy mazes go ;
 Humanity delights to see you prance,
 Up with your sooty legs and jump "Jim Crow," —
 From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Skip, Sambo, skip, — and, Obadiah, groan !

Kiss dark Diana on her pouting lips,
 And take black Phœbe by her ample waist, —
 Tell them to-day is Slavery's eclipse,
 And Love and Liberty must be embraced, —
 From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Kiss, Sambo, kiss, — and, Obadiah, groan !

With bowls of sangaree and toddy come !
 Bring lemons, sugar, old Madeira, limes,
 Whole tanks and water-barrels full of rum,
 To toast the whitest date of modern times, —
 From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Drink, Sambo, drink, — and, Obadiah, groan !

Talk, all together, talk ! both old and young,
 Pour out the fulness of the negro heart ;
 Set loose the now emancipated tongue,
 And all your new-born sentiments impart, —
 From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Spout, Sambo, spout, — and, Obadiah, groan !

Huzza ! for equal rights and equal laws !
 The British parliament has doffed your chain —

Join, join in gratitude your jetty paws,
 And swear you never will be slaves again, —
 From this day forth your freedom is your own :
Swear, Sambo, swear, — and, Obadiah, groan !

THE DOCTOR.

A SKETCH.

"Whatever is, is right." — *Pope*.

THERE once was a Doctor
 (No foe to the proctor),
 A physic-concocter,
 Whose dose was so pat,
 However it acted,
 One speech it extracted, —
 "Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
 "I meant it for that !"

And first, all unaisy,
 Like woman that 's crazy,
 In flies Mistress Casey,
 "Do come to poor Pat ;
 The blood 's running faster !
 He 's torn off the plaster, —"
 "Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
 "I meant it for that !"

Anon, with an antic
Quite strange and romantic,
A woman comes frantic, —
“What could you be at!
My darling dear Aleck
You’ve sent him oxalic!”
“Yes, yes,” said the Doctor,
“I meant it for that!”

Then in comes another,
Despatched by his mother,
A blubbing brother,
Who gives a rat-tat, —
“O, poor little sister
Has kicked off a blister!”
“Yes, yes,” said the Doctor,
“I meant it for that!”

Now home comes the flunky,
His own powder-monkey,
But dull as a donkey, —
With basket and that, —
“The draught for the Squire, sir,
He chucked in the fire, sir, —”
“Yes, yes,” said the Doctor,
“I meant it for that!”

The next is the pompous
Head Beadle, old Bumpus, —
“Lord! here is a rumpus:

That pauper, Old Nat,
 In some drunken notion
 Has drunk up his lotion, — ”
 “ Yes, yes,” said the Doctor,
 “ I meant it for that ! ”

At last comes a servant,
 In grief very fervent :
 “ Alas ! Dr. Derwent,
 Poor Master is flat !
 He ’s drawn his last breath, sir, —
 That dose was his death, sir.”
 “ Yes, yes,” said the Doctor,
 “ I meant it for that ! ”

THE VISION.

“ Plague on ’t ! the last was ill enough,
 This cannot but make better proof.”
 COTTON.

As I sat the other night,
 Burning of a single light,
 All at once a change there came
 In the color of the flame.

Strange it was the blaze to view,
 Blue as summer sky is blue :
 One ! two ! three ! four ! five ! six ! seven !
 Eight ! nine ! ten ! it struck eleven !

Pale as sheet, with stiffened hair,
Motionless in elbow chair, —
Blood congealing, — dead almost, —
“Now,” thought I, “to see a ghost!”

Strange misgiving, true as strange!
In the air there came a change,
And as plain as mortals be,
Lo! a Shape confronted me!

Lines and features I could trace
Like an old familiar face,
Thin and pallid like my own
In the morning mirror shown.

“Now,” he said, and near the grate
Drew a chair for tête-à-tête,
Quite at odds with all decorum, —
“Now, my boy, let’s have a jorum!”

“Come,” he cried, “old fellow, come,
Where’s the brandy, where’s the rum?
Where’s the kettle, — is it hot?
Shall we have some punch, or what?”

“Feast of reason, — flow of soul!
Where’s the sugar, where’s the bowl?
Lemons I will help to squeeze, —
Flip, egg-hot, or what you please!”

“Sir,” said I, with hectic ough,
Shock of nerves to carry off, —

Looking at him very hard,
"Please oblige me with a card."

"Card!" said he, "Phoo—nonsense—stuff!
We're acquainted well enough,—
Still my name, if you desire,
Eighteen Thirty-Eight, Esquire.

"Ring for supper! where's the tray?
No great time I have to stay,
One short hour, and like a Mayor,
I must quit the yearly Chair!"

Scarce could I contain my rage,—
O'er the retrospective page,
Looking back from date to date,
What I owed to Thirty-Eight.

"Sickness here and sickness there,
Pain and sorrow, constant care;
Fifty-two long weeks to fall,
Not a trump among them all!

"Zounds!" I cried in quite a huff,
"Go,—I've known you long enough.
Seek for supper where you please,
Here you have not bread and cheese."

"Nay," cried he, "were things so ill?
Let me have your pardon still,—
What I've done to give you pain,
I will never do again.

"As from others, so from you,
Let me have my honors due;
Soon the parish bells about
Will begin to ring me out."

"Ring you out? — With all my heart!"
From my chair I made a start,
Pulled the bell and gave a shout, —
"Peter, show the Old Year out!"



RONDEAU.

TO-DAY, it is my natal day,
And threescore years have passed away,
While Time has turned to silver-gray
My hairs.

Pursuing pleasure, love, and fun,
A longish *course* I've had to run,
And, thanks to Fortune, I have won
My hares.

But now, exhausted in the race,
No longer I can go the pace,
And others must take up the chase,
My heirs!

TO MINERVA.

FROM THE GREEK.

My temples throb, my pulses boil,
I'm sick of Song, and Ode, and Ballad, —
So, Thyrsis, take the Midnight Oil
And pour it on a lobster salad.

My brain is dull, my sight is foul,
I cannot write a verse, or read, —
Then, Pallas, take away thine Owl
And let us have a Lark instead.

SONG.

TO MY WIFE.

THOSE eyes that were so bright, love,
Have now a dimmer shine, —
But all they've lost in light, love,
Was what they gave to mine :
But still those orbs reflect, love,
The beams of former hours, —
That ripen'd all my joys, my love,
And tinted all my flowers !

Those locks were brown to see, love,
That now are turned so gray, —

But the years were spent with me, love,
 That stole their hue away ;
 Thy locks no longer share, love,
 The golden glow of noon, —
 But I've seen the world look fair, my love,
 When silvered by the moon !

That brow was smooth and fair, love,
 That looks so shaded now, —
 But for me it bore the care, love,
 That spoiled a bonny brow.
 And though no longer there, love,
 The gloss it had of yore, —
 Still Memory looks and dotes, my love,
 Where Hope admired before !

LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

—— “ I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.”

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

“ If thou wert born a Dog, remain so ; but if thou wert born a Man,
 resume thy former shape.” — ARABIAN NIGHTS.

A POODLE, Judge-like, with emphatic paw,
 Dogmatically laying down the law, —
 A batch of canine Counsel round the table,
 Keen-eyed and sharp of nose, and long of jaw,
 At sight, at scent, at giving tongue, right able :
 O, Edwin Landseer, Esquire, and R. A.,

Thou great Pictorial Æsop, say,
What is the moral of this painted fable?

O say, accomplished artist!

Was it thy purpose, by a scene so quizzical,
To read a wholesome lesson to the Chartist,
So over partial to the means called Physical,
Sticks, staves, and swords, and guns, the tools of
treason?

To show, illustrating the better course,
The very Brutes abandoning Brute Force,
The worry and the fight,
The bark and bite,

In which, says Doctor Watts, the dogs delight,
And lending shaggy ears to Law and Reason,
As uttered in that Court of high antiquity
Where sits the Chancellor, supreme as Pope,
But works — so let us hope —
In equity, not iniquity?
Or was it but a speculation,
Or transmigration,

How certain of our most distinguished Daniels,
Interpreters of Law's bewildering book,
Would look

Transformed to mastiffs, setters, hounds, and
spaniels

(As Bramins in their Hindoo code advance),
With that great lawyer of the Upper House
Who rules all suits by equitable *nous*.

Become — like vile Amina's spouse —

A Dog, called Chance? *
Methinks, indeed, I recognize
In those deep-set and meditative eyes
Engaged in mental puzzle,
And that portentous muzzle,
A celebrated judge, too prone to tarry
To hesitate on devious ins and outs,
And, on preceding doubts, to build *re-doubts*
That regiments could not carry, —
Prolonging even Law's delays, and still
Putting a skid upon the wheel up-hill,
Meanwhile the weary and desponding client
Seemed — in the agonies of indecision —
In Doubting Castle, with that dreadful Giant
Described in Bunyan's Vision!

So slow, indeed, was justice in its ways,
Beset by more than customary clogs,
Going to law in those expensive days
Was much the same as going to the Dogs!
But possibly I err,
And that sagacious and judicial Creature,
So Chancellor-like in feature,
With ears so wig-like, and a cape of fur,
Looking as grave, responsible, and sage,
As if he had the guardianship, in fact,
Of all poor dogs, or crackt,
And puppies under age, —

* See the story of Sidi Nonman, in the "Arabian Nights."

It may be that the Creature was not meant
Any especial Lord to represent,
Eldon or Erskine, Cottenham or Thurlow,
Or Brougham (more like him whose potent jaw
Is holding forth the letter of the law),
Or Lyndhurst, after the vacation's furlough,
Presently sitting in the House of Peers,
On wool he sometimes wishes in his ears,
When touching Corn Laws, Taxes, or Tithe-
piggery,
He hears a fierce attack,
And, sitting on his sack,
Listens in his great wig to greater Whiggery!

So, possibly, those others,
In coats so various, or sleek, or rough,
Aim not at any of the legal brothers,
Who wear the silken robe, or gown of stuff.
Yet who that ever heard or saw
The Counsel sitting in that solemn Court,
Who, having passed the Bar are safe in port,
Or those great Sergeants, learned in the Law,
Who but must trace a feature now and then
Of those forensic men,
As good at finding heirs as any harrier,
Renowned like greyhounds for long tales—in-
deed,
At worrying the ear as apt as terriers,—
Good at conveyance as the hairy carriers
That bear our gloves, umbrellas, hats, and sticks,

Books, baskets, bones, or bricks,
In Deeds of Trust as sure as Tray the trusty, —
Acute at sniffing flaws on legal grounds, —
And lastly, — well the catalogue it closes ! —
Still following their predecessors' noses,
Through ways however dull or dusty,
As fond of hunting precedents, as hounds
Of running after foxes more than musty,

However slow or fast,
Full of urbanity, or supercilious,
In temper wild, serene, or atrabilious,
Fluent of tongue, or prone to legal saw,
The Dogs have got a Chancellor, at last,
For Laying down the Law !
And never may the canine race regret it,
With whinings and repinings loud or deep, —
Ragged in coat, and shortened in their keep,
Worried by day, and troubled in their sleep,
With cares that prey upon the heart and
fret it —
As human suitors have had cause to weep, —
For what is Law, unless poor Dogs can get it
Dog-cheap ?

ADDRESS.*

HUSH! not a sound! no whisper! no demur!
 No restless motion — no intrusive stir!
 But with staid presence and a quiet breath,
 One solemn moment dedicate to Death! (*A pause.*)

For now no fancied miseries bespeak
 The panting bosom, and the wetted cheek;
 No fabled Tempest, or dramatic wreck,
 No Royal Sire washed from the mimic deck,
 And dirged by Sea Nymphs to his briny grave!
 Alas! deep, deep beneath the sullen wave,
 His heart, once warm and throbbing as your own,
 Now cold and senseless as the shingle stone;
 His lips, so eloquent, choked up with sand;
 The bright eye glazed, — and the impressive hand,
 Idly entangled with the ocean weed, —
 Full fathom five, a FATHER lies indeed!

Yes! where the foaming billows rave the while
 Around the rocky Ferns and Holy Isle,
 Deaf to their roar, as to the dear applause
 That greets deserving in the Drama's cause,

* The address was written by my father at the request of Mr. Dickens. It was delivered by the late Mrs. Warner, at a theatrical benefit night, at the Haymarket Theatre. The proceeds went to the fund raised for the children of poor Elton, the actor, who was wrecked off the Fern Islands. — *Memorials.*

Blind to the horrors that appall the bold,
To all he hoped, or feared, or loved, of old, —
To love — and love's deep agony, a-cold ;
He, who could move the passions, moved by none,
Drifts an unconscious corse. — Poor Elton's race
is run !

Weep for the dead ! Yet do not merely weep
For him who slumbers in the oozy deep :
Mourn for the dead ! — yet not alone for him
O'er whom the cormorant and gannet swim ;
But, like Grace Darling in her little boat,
Stretch out a saving hand to those that float, —
The orphan Seven, — so prematurely hurled
Upon the billows of this stormy world,
And struggling — save your pity take their part, —
With breakers huge enough to break the heart !

YOUTH AND AGE.

IMPATIENT of his childhood,
“ Ah me ! ” exclaims young Arthur,
Whilst roving in the wild wood,
“ I wish I were my father ! ”

Meanwhile, to see his Arthur
So skip, and play, and run,
“ Ah me ! ” exclaims the father,
“ I wish I were my son ! ”

TO HENRIETTA,

ON HER DEPARTURE FOR CALAIS.

WHEN little people go abroad, wherever they may
 roam,
They will not just be treated as they used to be
 at home ;
So take a few promiscuous hints, to warn you in
 advance,
Of how a little English girl will perhaps be served
 in France.

Of course you will be Frenchified ; and first, it's
 my belief,
They'll dress you in their foreign style as *à-la-*
 mode as beef,
With a little row of beehives, as a border to your
 frock,
And a pair of frilly trousers, like a little bantam cock.

But first they'll seize your bundle (if you have one)
 in a crack,
And tie it with a tape, by way of bustle on your
 back ;
And make your waist so high or low, your shape
 will be a riddle,
For anyhow you'll never have your middle in the
 middle.

Your little English sandals for a while will hold
together,
But woe betide you when the stones have worn
away the leather,
For they'll poke your little pettitoes (and there
will be a hobble!)
In such a pair of shoes as none but carpenters can
cobble!

What next? — to fill your head with French to
match the native girls,
In scraps of *Galignani* they'll screw up your little
curls;
And they'll take their nouns and verbs, and some
odd bits of verse and prose,
And pour them in your ears, that you may spout
them through your nose.

You will have to learn a *chou* is quite another sort
of thing
To that you put your foot in; that a *belle* is not to
ring;
That a *corne* is not the knubble that brings trouble
to your toes;
Nor *peut-être* a potatoe, as *some* Irish folks suppose.

No, no, they have no murphies there, for supper
or for lunch,
But you may get, in course of time, a *pomme de*
terre to munch.

With which, as you perforce must do as Calais
folks are doing,
You'll may be have to gobble up the frog "that
went a wooing!"

But pray at meals remember this, the French are
so polite,
No matter what you eat or drink, "whatever is, is
right!"
So when you're told at dinner-time that some de-
licious stew
Is cat instead of rabbit, you must answer, "*Tant
mi-eux!*"
For little folks who go abroad wherever they may
roam,
They cannot just be treated as they used to be at
home;
So take a few promiscuous hints, to warn you in
advance,
Of how a little English girl will perhaps be served
in France!

A DROP OF GIN.

GIN! Gin! a drop of Gin!
What magnified monsters circle therein!
Ragged, and stained with filth and mud,
Some plague-spotted, and some with blood!
Shapes of misery, shame, and sin!

Figures that make us loathe and tremble,
Creatures scarce human, that more resemble
Broods of diabolical kin,
Ghoul and vampyre, demon and Gin!

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!
The dram of Satan! the liquor of Sin!—
Distilled from the fell
Alembics of hell,
By Guilt and Death, his own brother and twin!
That man might fall
Still lower than all
The meanest creatures with scale and fin.
But, hold;—we are neither Barebones nor Prynne,
Who lashed with such rage
The sins of the age;
Then, instead of making too much of a din,
Let Anger be mute,
And sweet Mercy dilute,
With a drop of Pity, the drop of Gin!

Gin! Gin! a drop of Gin!
When, darkly, Adversity's days set in,
And the friends and peers
Of earlier years
Prove warm without, but cold within,
And cannot retrace
A familiar face
That's steeped in poverty up to the chin;
But snub, neglect, cold shoulder, and cut

The ragged pauper, misfortune's butt ;
Hardly acknowledged by kith and kin,
 Because, poor rat !
 He has no cravat,
A seedy coat, and a hole in that ! —
No sole to his shoe, and no brim to his hat ;
Nor a change of linen — except his skin ;
 No gloves, no vest,
 Either second or best ;
And, what is worse than all the rest,
No light heart, though his trousers are thin, —
 While time elopes
 With all golden hopes,
And even with those of pewter and tin ;
 The brightest dreams,
 And the best of schemes,
All knocked down, like a wicket by Mynn.
 Each castle in air
 Seized by giant Despair,
No prospect in life worth a minikin pin ;
 No credit, no cash,
 No cold mutton to hash,
 No bread, — not even potatoes to mash ;
No coal in the cellar, no wine in the bin, —
 Smashed, broken to bits,
 With judgments and writs ;
Bonds, bills, and cognovits distracting the wits,
In the webs that the spiders of Chancery spin, —
 Till, weary of life, its worry and strife,
 Black visions are rife of a razor, a knife ;
Of poison, — a rope, — “ louping over a linn.”

300 THE PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Gin ! Gin ! a drop of Gin !
O then its tremendous temptations begin,
 To take, alas !
 To the fatal glass ; —
And happy the wretch that does not win
 To change the black hue
 Of his ruin to “blue” —
While angels sorrow, and demons grin, —
 And lose the rheumatic
 Chill of his attic
By plunging into the palace of Gin !

THE PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FULL of drink and full of meat,
On our SAVIOUR'S natal day,
CHARITY'S perennial treat ;
Thus I heard a Pauper say : —
“Ought not I to dance and sing
Thus supplied with famous cheer ?
 Heigho !
 I hardly know, —
Christmas comes but once a year.

“After labor's long turmoil,
Sorry fare, and frequent fast,
Two-and-fifty weeks of toil,

Pudding-time is come at last!
But are rasins high or low,
Flour and suet cheap or dear?
Heigho!
I hardly know,—
Christmas comes but once a year.

“Fed upon the coarsest fare
Three hundred days and sixty-four
But for *one* on viands rare,
Just as if I was n't poor!
Ought not I to bless my stars,
Warden, clerk, and overseer?
Heigho!
I hardly know,—
Christmas comes but once a year.

“Treated like a welcome guest,
One of Nature's social chain,
Seated, tended on, and press'd,—
But when shall I be press'd again,
Twice to pudding, thrice to beef,
A dozen times to ale and beer?
Heigho!
I hardly know,—
Christmas comes but once a year.

“Come to-morrow how it will;
Diet scant and usage rough,

Hunger once has had its fill,
Thirst for once has had enough,
But shall I ever dine again?
Or see another feast appear?

Heigho!

I only know

Christmas comes but once a year.

"Frozen cares begin to melt,
Hopes revive and spirits flow —
Feeling as I have not felt
Since a dozen months ago, —
Glad enough to sing a song, —
To-morrow shall I volunteer?

Heigho!

I hardly know, —

Christmas comes but once a year.

"Bright and blessed is the time,
Sorrows end, and joys begin,
While the bells with merry chime
Ring the Day of Plenty in!
But the happy tide to hail!
With a sigh, or with a tear,

Heigho!

I hardly know, —

Christmas comes but once a year!"

A TALE OF TEMPER.

OF all cross breeds of human sinners,
The crabbedest are those who dress our dinners ;
Whether the ardent fires at which they roast
And broil and bake themselves like Smithfield
 martyrs,
Are apt to make them crusty, like a toast,
Or drams, encouraged by so hot a post ;
However, cooks are generally Tartars ;
 And altogether might be safely cluster'd
 In scientific catalogues
 Under two names, like Dinmont's dogs,
 Pepper and Mustard.

The case thus being very common,
It followed, quite of course, when Mr. Jervis
Engaged a clever culinary woman,
He took a mere Xantippe in his service, —
 In fact, — her metal not to burnish,
As vile a shrew as Shrewsbury could furnish, —
One who in temper, language, manners, looks,
 In every respect
 Might just have come direct
From him who is supposed to send us cooks.

The very day she came into her place
She slapp'd the scullion's face ;
The next, the housemaid being rather pert,

Snatching the broom, she "treated her like dirt," —
The third, a quarrel with the groom she hit on, —
Cyrus, the page, had half a dozen knocks ;
And John, the coachman, got a box
He could n't sit on.

Meanwhile, her strength to rally,
Brandy, and rum, and shrub she drank by stealth,
Besides the Cream of some mysterious Valley
That may, or may not, be the Vale of Health :
At least, while credit lasted, or her wealth, —
For finding that her blows came only thicker,
Invectives and foul names but flew the quicker,
The more she drank the more inclin'd to bicker,
The other servants, one and all,
Took Bible oaths, whatever might befall,
Neither to lend her cash nor fetch her liquor !

This caused, of course, a dreadful schism,
And what was worse, in spite of all endeavor,
After a fortnight of Tea-totalism,
The Plague broke out more virulent than ever !
The life she led her fellows down the stairs !
The life she led her betters in the parlor !
No parrot ever gave herself such airs,
No pug-dog cynical was such a snarler !
At woman, man, and child, she flew and snapp'd,
No rattlesnake on earth so fierce and rancorous, —
No household cat that ever lapp'd
To swear and spit was half so apt, —

No bear, sore-headed, could be more cantankerous, —

No fretful porcupine more sharp and crabbed, —

No wolverine

More full of spleen, —

In short, the woman was completely rabid !

The least offence of look or phrase,
The slightest verbal joke, the merest frolic,
Like a snap-dragon set her in a blaze,

Her spirit was so alcoholic !

And woe to him who felt her tongue !

It burnt like caustic — like a nettle stung,
Her speech was scalding — scorching — vitriolic !

And larded, not with bacon fat,

Or anything so mild as that,

But curses so intensely diabolic,
So broiling hot, that he at whom she levell'd,
Felt in his very gizzard he was devil'd !

Often and often Mr. Jervis

Long'd and yet feared, to turn her from his sevice ;
For why ? Of all his philosophic loads
Of reptiles loathsome, spiteful, and pernicious,
Stuff'd Lizards, bottled Snakes, and pickled Toads,
Potted Tarantulas, and Asps malicious,
And Scorpions cured by scientific modes,
He had not any creature half so vicious !

At last one morning

The coachman had already given warning,

And little Cyrus

Was gravely thinking of a new cockade,
 For open War's rough sanguinary trade,
 Or any other service, quite desirous,
 Instead of quarreling with such a jade, —
 When accident explained the coil she made,
 And whence her Temper had derived the virus !

Struck with the fever called the scarlet,
 The Termagant was lying sick in bed, —
 And little Cyrus, that precocious varlet,
 Was just declaring her "as good as dead,"
 When down the attic stairs the housemaid, Char-
 lotte,

Came running from the chamber overhead,
 Like one demented ;
 Flapping her hands, and casting up her eyes,
 And giving gasps of horror and surprise,
 Which thus she vented, —

"O Lord ! I wonder that she did n't bite us !

Or sting us like a Tantalizer,*
 (The note will make the Reader wiser,)
 And set us all a dancing like St. Witus !

"Temper ! No wonder that the creatur had
 A temper so uncommon bad !

She 's just confessed to Doctor Griper,
 That, being out of Rum, and like denials, —
 Which always was prodigious trials, —

Because she could n't pay the piper,
 She went one day, she did, to Master's wials
 And drunk the spirits as preserv'd the Wiper !"

* Tarantula.

A SONG FOR THE MILLION.

ON WILHELM'S METHOD.

THERE'S a Music aloft in the air
As if Cherubs were humming a song,
Now it's high now it's low, here and there,
There's a harmony floating along !
While the steeples are loud in their joy,
To the tune of the bells' ring-a-ding,
Let us chime in a peal, one and all,
For we all should be able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

We are Chartists, Destructives, and rogues,
We are Radicals, Tories and Whigs,
We are Churchmen, Dissenters, what not,
We are asses, curs, monkeys and pigs,
But in spite of the slanderous names
Partisans on each other will fling,
Tho' in concord we cannot agree,
Yet we all in a chorus may sing
Hullahbaloo !


We may not have a happy New Year,
Be perplex'd by all possible ills, —
Find the bread and the meat very dear,
And be troubled with very *hard bills*, —
Yet like linnets, cock-robins and wrens,

Larks, and nightingales joyous in Spring,
Or the finches saluting their hens,
Sure we all should be able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

We may have but a Lilliput purse,
And the change in the purse very small,
And our notes may not pass at the Bank,
But they're current at Exeter Hall !
Then a fig for foul weather and fogs !
And whatever misfortune may bring,
If we go to the dogs — like the dogs
In a pack we are able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

Though the coat may be worn with a badge, —
Or the kerchief no prize for a prig, —
Or the shirt never sent to the wash, —
There's the Gamut for little and big !
O then come, rich and poor, young and old.
For of course it's a very fine thing,
Spite of Misery, Hunger, and cold,
That we all are so able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

There are Demons to worry the rich,
There are monsters to torture the poor,
There's the Worm that will gnaw at the heart,
There's the Wolf that will come to the door !
We may even be short of the cash



For the tax to a queen or a king,
And the broker may sell off our beds,
But we still shall be able to sing

Hullahbaloo!

There's Consumption to wither the weak,
There are fevers that humble the stout, —
A disease may be rife with the young,
Or a pestilence walking about, —
Desolation may visit our hives,
And old death's metaphorical sting
May dispose of the dearest of wives,
But we all shall be able to sing

Hullahbaloo!

We may farm at a very high rent,
And with guano manure an inch deep,
We may sow, whether broadcast or drill,
And have only the whirlwind to reap;
All our corn may be spoil'd in the ear,
And our barns be ignited by Swing,
And our sheep may die off with the rot,
But we all shall be able to sing

Hullahbaloo!

Our acquaintance may cut us direct,
Even Love may become rather cold,
And a Friend of our earlier years
May look shy at the coat that is old:
We may not have a twig or a straw,

Not a reed where affection may cling,
Not a dog for our love, or a cat,
But we still shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

Some are pallid with watching and want,
Some are burning with blushes of shame ;
Some have lost all they had in the world,
And are bankrupts in honor and name.
Some have wasted a fortune in trade, —
And, by going at all in the ring,
Some have lost e'en a voice in the House ;
But they all will be able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

Some are deep in the Slough of Despond,
And so sick of the burden of life,
That they dream of leaps over a bridge,
Of the pistol, rope, poison and knife ;
To the Temples of Riches and Fame
We are not going up in a string ;
And to some even heaven seems black,
But we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

We may give up the struggle with Care,
And the last little hope that would stop,
We may strive with a Giant Despair, —
From the very blue sky we may drop,
By some sudden bewildering blow

Stricken down like a bird on the wing, —
 Or with hearts breaking surely and slow, —
 But we all shall be able to sing
 Hullahbaloo!

O no matter how wretched we be,
 How ill-lodged, or ill-clad, or ill-fed,
 And with only one tile for a roof,
 That we carry about on the head :
 We may croak with a very bad cold,
 Or a throat that's as dry as a ling, —
 There's the Street or the Stage for us all,
 For we all shall be able to sing
 Hullahbaloo!

There's a music aloft in the air,
 As if Cherubs were humming a song,
 Now it's high, now it's low, here and there,
 There's a harmony floating along!
 While the steeples are loud in their joy,
 To the tune of the bells' ring-a-ding,
 Let us chime in a peal, one-and all,
 For we all should be able to sing
 Hullahbaloo!

THE MARY.

A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.

LOV'ST thou not, Alice, with the early tide
To see the hardy Fisher hoist his mast,
And stretch his sail towards the ocean wide, —
Like God's own beadsman going forth to cast
His net into the deep, which doth provide
Enormous bounties, hidden in its vast
Bosom like Charity's, for all who seek
And take its gracious boon thankful and meek ?

The sea is bright with morning, — but the dark
Seems still to linger on his broad black sail,
For it is early hoisted, like a mark
For the low sun to shoot at with his pale
And level beams : — All round the shadowy bark
The green wave glimmers, and the gentle gale
Swells in her canvas, till the waters show
The keel's new speed, and whiten at the bow.

Then look abaft, — (for thou canst understand
That phrase,) — and there he sitteth at the stern,
Grasping the tiller in his broad brown hand,
The hardy Fisherman. Thou may'st discern
Ten fathoms off the wrinkles in the tann'd
And honest countenance that he will turn
To look upon us, with a quiet gaze, —
As we are passing on our several ways.

So, some ten days ago, on such a morn,
The Mary, like a seamew, sought her spoil
Amongst the finny race: 't was when the corn
Woo'd the sharp sickle, and the golden toil
Summoned all rustic hands to fill the horn
Of Ceres to the brim, that brave turmoil
Was at the prime, and Woodgate went to reap
His harvest too, upon the broad blue deep.

His mast was up, his anchor heaved aboard,
His mainsail stretching in the first gray gleams
Of morning, for the wind. Ben's eye was stored
With fishes, — fishes swam in all his dreams,
And all the goodly east seemed but a hoard
Of silvery fishes, that in shoals and streams
Groped into the deep dusk that filled the sky,
For him to catch in meshes of his eye.

For Ben had the true sailor's sanguine heart,
And saw the future with a boy's brave thought,
No doubts, nor faint misgivings had a part
In his bright visions, — ay, before he caught
His fish, he sold them in the scaly mart,
And summed the net proceeds. This should
have brought
Despair upon him when his hopes were foiled,
But though one crop was marred, again he toiled
And sowed his seed afresh. — Many foul blights
Perished his hard-worn gains, — yet he had
planned

No schemes of too extravagant delights, —
No goodly houses on the Goodwin sand, —
But a small, humble home, and loving nights,
Such as his honest heart and earnest hand
Might fairly purchase. Were these hopes too airy?
Such as they were, they rested on thee, Mary.

She was the prize of many a toilsome year,
And hard-won wages, on the perilous sea, —
Of savings ever since the shipboy's tear
Was shed for home, that lay beyond the lee ; —
She was purveyor for his other dear
Mary, and for the infant yet to be
Fruit of their married loves. These made him dote
Upon the homely beauties of his boat,

Whose pitch black hull rolled darkly on the wave,
No gayer than one single stripe of blue
Could make her swarthy sides. She seemed a slave,
A negro among boats — that only knew
Hardship and rugged toil, — no pennons brave
Flaunted upon the mast — but oft a few
Dark dripping jackets fluttered to the air,
Ensigns of hardihood and toilsome care.

And when she ventured for the deep, she spread
A tawny sail against the sunbright sky,
Dark as a cloud that journeys overhead, —
But then those tawny wings were stretched to fly
Across the wide sea desert for the bread

Of babes and mothers, — many an anxious eye
Dwelt on her course, and many a fervent prayer
Invoked the heavens to protect and spare.

Where is she now? The secrets of the deep
Are dark and hidden from the human ken;
Only the sea-bird saw the surges sweep
Over the bark of the devoted Ben,—
Meanwhile a widow sobs and orphans weep,
And sighs are heard from weather-beaten men,
Dark, sunburnt men, uncouth, and rude, and hairy,
While loungers idly ask, “Where is the Mary?”

A DISCOVERY IN ASTRONOMY.

ONE day, — I had it from a hasty mouth
Accustomed to make many blunders daily,
And therefore will not name, precisely, South,
Herschel or Baily, —
But one of those great men who watch the skies,
With all their rolling, winking eyes,
Was looking at that Orb whose ancient God
Was patron of the Ode, and Song, and Sonnet,
When thus he musing cried, — “It’s very odd
That no Astronomer of all the squad
Can tell the nature of those spots upon it!”

"Lord, master!" muttered John, a liveried elf,
"To wonder so at spots upon the sun!
I'll tell you what he's done, —
Freckled hisself!"

MAGNETIC MUSINGS

PASSING my brow, and passing my eyes,
And passing lower, with devious range,
 Passing my chest,
 And passing the rest,
I feel a something passing strange!

Over my soul there seems to pass
A middle state of life or death,
And I almost seem to feel, alas!
That I am drawing my passing breath!
And, methinks I hear the passing-bell;
But, Mr. Passmore, that reverend elf,
Gives me a pass that I know well,
A sort of passport to heaven itself!

Passing my brow, and passing my eye,
And passing lower, with devious range,
 Passing my chest,
 And passing the rest,
I feel a something passing strange!

O Mr. Eyre, Lieutenant dear !
O Lady Sale, thou gallant lass !
I know for certain that ye are near,
For I feel, I feel, the Khyber Pass !
But no, — 't is Brockedon passes my brow,
And I 'm in the Alpine Passes now,
With icy valleys, and snowy crests,
Whereon the passing vapor rests ;
And guide and English traveller pass,
Each on a very passable ass !

Passing my ear, and passing my eye !
O joy ! what pastoral meads I spy,
Full of lambs that frisk and feed
While the Pastor plays on his rustic reed, —
To the very best of his humble ability,
Piping ever shrill and loud,
But O, what new magnetic cloud
Passes over my passability !

Over my soul there seems to pass
A middle state of life or death,
And I almost seem to feel, alas !
That I am drawing my passing breath.
No more prospects bright and sunny,
No more chance of pleasant cheer,
No more hope of passing money, —
I feel the pass of the Overseer !

THE SAUSAGE-MAKER'S GHOST.

A LONDON LEGEND.

SOMEWHERE in Leather Lane, —
I wonder that it was not Mincing,
And for this reason most convincing,
That Mr. Brain
Dealt in those well-minced cartridges of meat,
Some people like to eat, —
However, all such quibbles overstepping,
In Leather Lane he lived; and drove a trade
In porcine sausages, though London-made,
Called "Epping."

Right brisk was the demand,
Seldom his goods stayed long on hand,
For out of all adjacent courts and lanes,
Young Irish ladies and their swains,
Such soups of girls and broths of boys!
Sought his delicious chains,
Preferred to all polonies, saveloys,
And other foreign toys, —
The mere chance passengers
Who saw his "sassengers,"
Of sweetness undeniable,
So sleek, so mottled, and so "friable,"
Stepped in, forgetting ev'ry other thought,
And bought.

Meanwhile a constant thumping
 Was heard, a sort of subterranean chumping,—
 Incessant was the noise !
 But though he had a foreman and assistant,
 With all the tools consistent,
 (Besides a wife and two fine chopping boys)
 His means were not yet vast enough
 For chopping fast enough
 To meet the call from streets, and lanes, and pas-
 sages,
 For first-chop "sassages."

However, Mr. Brain
 Was none of those dull men and slow,
 Who, flying bird-like by a railway train,
 Sigh for the heavy mails of long ago ;
 He did not set his face 'gainst innovations
 For rapid operations,
 And therefore in a kind of waking dream
 Listened to some hot water sprite that hinted
 To have his meat chopped, as the Times was
 printed,
 By steam !

Accordingly in happy-hour,
 A bran new Engine went to work
 Chopping up pounds on pounds of pork
 With all the energy of Two-Horse-Power,
 And wonderful celerity,—
 When lo ! when ev'ry thing to hope responded,

Whether his head was turned by his prosperity,
Whether he had some sly intrigue, in verity,
The man absconded !

His anxious Wife in vain
Placarded Leather Lane,
And all the suburbs with descriptive bills,
Such as are issued when from homes and tills
Clerks, dogs, cats, lunatics, and children roam ;
Besides advertisements in all the journals,
Or weeklies or diurnals,
Beginning " LEFT HIS HOME " —
The sausage-maker, spite of white and black,
Never came back.

Never, alive ! — But, on the seventh night,
Just when the yawning grave its dead releases,
Filling his bedded wife with sore affright
In walked his grisly Sprite,
In fifty thousand pieces !
" O Mary ! " so it seemed
In hollow melancholy tone to say,
Whilst thro' its airy shape the moonlight gleamed
With scarcely dimmer ray, —
" O Mary ! let your hopes no longer flatter,
Prepare at once to drink of sorrow's cup, —
It an't no use to mince the matter, —
The Engine's chopped me up ! "

A DREAM.

T was night — the Globe was folded up,
 (The paper, not the earth,)

And to its proper shelf restored
 The fairest "Maid of Perth:"

But still with strange intricacy
 The things that I had read —

The Irish News, the Scottish Tale —
 Kept running in my head ;

While over all a sort of mist
 Began to slowly creep,

The twilight haze of Thought, before
 It darkens into Sleep ;

A foggy land where shady shapes
 Kept stirring in the gloom,

Till with a hint of brighter tint
 One spot began to bloom,

And on the bank, by dreamy prank,
 I saw a Figure tall,

As vivid as from painted glass,
 Projected on a wall !

The face, as well as I could trace,
 Two sparkling eyes were there,

Black as the beard, and trim moustache,
 And curling head of hair ;

The nose was straight, the mouth was large,
 The lips disclosed beneath

A set, full white and regular,
Of strong and handsome teeth, —
The whiter, that his brow, and cheek,
And thick uncovered gorge,
Were ruddy as if baked by heat
Of sun or glowing forge.

His dress was buff, or some such stuff,
And belted at the waist;
A curious dirk, for stabbing work,
Was in the girdle placed,
Beside a sort of pouch or purse
Of some wild creature's skin,
To safely hold his store of gold
Or silver coin therein; —
But — suddenly his doublet changed
To one of brighter hue,
A jerkin fair and superfine
Of cloth of azure blue,
Slashed front and back with satin black,
Embroidered o'er, and laced
With sable silk, as used to suit
The ancient time and taste;
His hose were of the Flemish cut,
His boots of cordovan;
A velvet bonnet on his head
Like that of Scottish man, —
Nay, not a velvet one, — for why,
As dreams are apt to deal,
With sudden change, as swift as strange,

It shone a cap of steel!
His coat of buff, or azure stuff,
Became a hauberk bright,
No longer gay in his array,
But harnessed for the Fight!
Huge was his frame, and muscular,
Indicative of strength:
His bosom broad, his brawny arms
Of more than common length;
And well the sturdy limbs might be
So sinewy, stark, and strong,
That had to wield in battle-field
A sword so broad and long!
Few men there were of mortal mould,
Although of warlike trade,
But had been rash to stand the clash
Of that tremendous blade;
And yet aloft he swung it oft,
As if of feather-weight,
And cut amid the empty air,
A monstrous figure eight;
Whilst ever as it cleft the wind,
A whisper came therewith,
That low and clear said in my ear,
"Behold the Fighting Smith!" *

And lo! another "change came o'er
The spirit of my dream;"
The hauberk bright no longer shone

* *Vide* Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth."

With that metallic gleam, —
No ruddy visage furnace-scorched,
With glowing eyes, was there,
No sable beard, no trim moustache,
Nor head of raven hair;
No steely cap, with plume mayhap,
No bonnet small or big;
Upon his brow there settled now,
A curly powdered Wig!
Beneath his chin two cambric bands
Demurely drooped adown;
And from his brawny shoulders hung
A black forensic gown.
No mail beneath, to guard from death,
Or wounds in battle dealt,
Nor ready dirk for stabbing work,
Dependent at his belt, —
His right hand bore no broad claymore,
But, with a flourish, soon
He waved a Pistol huge enough
For any horse-dragon,
And whilst he pointed to and fro,
As if to aim therewith,
Still in my ear, the voice was clear,
“ Behold the Fighting Smith ! ” *

* *Vide* “ The State Trials in Ireland.”

THE LAY OF THE LARK.

WITH dew upon its breast
 And sunshine on its wing,
 The lark uprose from its happy nest,
 And thus it seemed to sing:—
 “Sweet, sweet! from the middle of the wheat,
 To meet the morning gray,
 To leave the corn on a very merry morn,
 Nor have to curse the day.”

* * * *

With the dew upon their breast,
 And the sunlight on their wing,
 Toward the skies from the furrows rise
 The larks, and thus they sing:—
 “If you would know the cause
 That makes us sing so gay,
 It is because we hail and bless,
 And never curse the day.
 Sweet, sweet! from the middle of the wheat
 (*Where lurk our callow brood*),
 Where we were hatched, and fed,
 Amidst the corn on a very merry morn
 (*We never starve for food*),
 We never starve for bread!”

* * * *

Those flowers so very blue,
 Those poppies flaming red,—
 * * * *
 His heavy eye was glazed and dull,
 He only murmured “bread!”

FRAGMENT.

To note the symptoms of the times,
 Its cruel and cold-blooded crimes,
 One sure result we win,
 Tho' rude and rougher modes no doubt
 Of murder are not going out,
 That poison's coming in.

* * * *

The powder that the doomed devour
 And drink,—for sugar,—meal,—or flour,—
 Narcotics for the young,—
 And worst of all, that subtle juice,
 That can a sudden death produce,
 Whilst yet upon the tongue.

So swift in its destructive pace,
 Easy to give, and hard to trace,
 So potable,—so clear!
 So small the needful dose,—to slip
 Between the fatal cup and lip
 In Epsom salts or beer.

* * * *

Arrest the Plague with Cannabis,—
 And * * * publish this
 To quench the felon's hope:—
 Twelve drops of Prussic acid still
 Are not more prompt and sure to kill,
 Than one good Drop of Rope.

FRAGMENT.

PROBABLY WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

I' M sick of gruel, and the dietetics,
I'm sick of pills, and sicker of emetics,
I'm sick of pulses' tardiness or quickness,
I'm sick of blood, its thinness or its thickness, —
In short, within a word, I'm sick of sickness!

VAUXHALL.

COME, come, I am very
Disposed to be merry, —
So hey! for a wherry
I beckon and bawl!
'T is dry, not a damp night,
And pleasure will tramp light
To music and lamp light
At shining Vauxhall!

Ay, here's the dark portal, —
The check-taking mortal
I pass, and turn short all
At once on the blaze, —

Names famous in story,
Lit up *con amore*,
All flaming in glory,
Distracting the gaze !

O *my* name lies fallow, —
Fame never will hallow
In red light and yellow
Poetical toil, —
I've long tried to write up
My name, and take flight up ;
But ink will not light up
Like cotton and oil !

But sad thoughts, keep under ! —
The painted Rotunder
Invites me. I wonder
Who's singing so clear ?
'T is Sinclair, high-flying,
Scotch ditties supplying ;
But some hearts are sighing
For Dignum, I fear !

How bright is the lustre,
How thick the folks muster,
And eagerly cluster,
On bench and in box, —
Whilst Povey is waking
Sweet sounds, or the taking
Kate Stephens is shaking
Her voice and her locks !

What clapping attends her! —
 The white doe befriends her, —
 How Braham attends her
 Away by the hand,
 For Love to succeed her ;
 The Signor doth heed her,
 And sigheth to lead her
 Instead of the band!

Then out we all sally, —
 Time's ripe for the Ballet,
 Like bees they all rally
 Before the machine! —
 But I am for tracing
 The bright walks and facing
 The groups that are pacing
 To see and be seen.

How motley they mingle, —
 What men might one single,
 And names that would tingle
 Or tickle the ear, —
 Fresh Chinese contrivers
 Of letters, — survivors
 Of pawnbrokers, — divers
 Beau Tibbses appear!

Such little and great men,
 And civic and state men, —
 Collectors and rate-men, —

How pleasant to nod
To friends, — to note fashions,
To make speculations
On people and passions, —
To laugh at the odd!

To sup on true slices
Of ham, — with fair prices
For fowl, — while cool ices
And liquors abound, —
To see Blackmore wander,
A small salamander,
Adown the rope yonder,
And light on the ground!

O, the fireworks are splendid;
But darkness is blended, —
Bright things are soon ended,
Fade quickly and fall!
There goes the last rocket! —
Some cash out of pocket,
By stars in the socket,
I go from Vauxhall.

TO MISS KELLY,
OF THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

KELLY, two quiet hours ago,
Thy part was o'er, the play was done,
The tragic vision fled.
My lobster salad is discussed,
My wine and water mingled just,
And thou art in my head !

Clifford is gone — for all the while,
And Baker's everlasting smile,
Is vanished from me quite,
Like foolish portraits on a wall,
Swayed by a curtain's rise or fall,
And not for after sight.

But thou, without or with my will,
Thy ringing tones attend me still,
And melancholy looks :
Again I see, and echo these
Again, like golden passages
Gathered from olden books.

Not apt to lend my faith to cheats,
Or look for honey in the sweets
Of artificial flowers ;
Though critical and curst withal,
Though early mingled grief and gall,
I recognize thy powers.

Tears thou canst bring, where tears have
 sprung,
Oft, from an aching heart — not wrung
 By griefs at second hand ;
And smiles, to lips that have not curled
Seldom at humors of a world
 Most vigilantly scanned.

And years bring very chilly damps,
That dim the splendor of the lamps,
 And shame the canvas skies ;
The brightest scenes, I know not how,
Have changed — and Mrs. Grove is now
 No fairy in my eyes.

I cannot weep when lovers weep,
Nor throne a tyrant in my sleep,
 Nor quake at tragic screams ;
The fond, the fervent faith is flown
Of boyhood ; and a play is grown
 Less real than my dreams.

And yet when I confront thee, still
I quite forget that sullen chill,
 So perfect is thy art ;
Again the vision cheats my soul,
For why ? Thou dost present a whole,
 Where others play a part.

The saddest or the shrewdest flights
Of tragical or comic wights

Are ne'er put out of joint ;
And things by feebler authors writ,
Are bettered by thy better wit,
And dulness finds a point.

A kind of verbal novelist,
Up and down life, thou dost enlist
All humors, high and low ;
That, dramatized, inform thy face
And voice, with every trick and trace
Of human whim and woe !

The Stage, it is thy element,
Wherein thy mind preserves its bent,
Thou dost not seek or scorn,
The critic's meed, the public praise,
As if ordained to live in plays, —
Not actress made, but born !

HINTS TO PAUL PRY.

O, PLEASING, teasing, Mr. Pry,
Dear Paul — but not Virginia's Paul,
As some might haply deem, to spy
The umbrella thou art armed withal,
Cool hat, and ample pantaloons,
Proper for hot and tropic noons ; —

There's Lady L—— the late Miss P——
 Miss P—— and lady both were late,
 And two in ten can scarce agree,
 For why the title had to wait ;
 But thou mightst learn from her own lips
 What wind detained the lady-ship ?

Or Mr. P ! — the sire that nursed
 Thy youth, and made thee what thou art,
 Who formed thy prying genius first, —
 (Thou wottest his untender part,)
 'T would be a friendly call and fit,
 To know "how soon he hopes to sit."

Some people long to know the truth
 Whether Miss T—— does mean to try
 For Gibbon once again, — in sooth,
 Thou mightst indulge them, Mr. Pry ;
 A verbal extract from the brief
 Would give some spinsters great relief !

Suppose, dear Pry, thou wert to dodge
 The porter's glance, and just drop in
 At Windsor's shy sequestered lodge,
 (Thou wilt, if any man can win
 His way so far) — and kindly bring
 Poor Cob's petition to the king.

There's Mrs. Coutts — hath she outgrown
 The compass of a prying eye ?

A RISE AT THE FATHER OF ANGLING. 337

And ah! there is the Great Unknown,
A man that makes the curious sigh;
'T were worthy of your genius quite
To bring that lurking man to light.

O, come abroad, with curious hat,
And patched umbrella, curious too, —
To poke with this, and pry with that, —
Search all our scandal through and through,
And treat the whole world like a pie
Made for thy finger, Mr. Pry!

A RISE AT THE FATHER OF ANGLING.

TO MR. IZAAK WALTON, AT MR. MAJOR'S THE
BOOKSELLER'S, IN FLEET STREET.

MR. WALTON, it's harsh to say it, but as a Parent
I can't help wishing
You'd been hung before you published your book,
to set all the young people a-fishing!
There's my Robert, the trouble I've had with him
it surpasses a mortal's bearing,
And all through those devilish angling works, —
the Lord forgive me for swearing!
I thought he were took with the Morbus one day,
I did, with his nasty angle!
For "O dear," says he, and burst out in a cry, "O
my gut is all got of a tangle!"

It's a shame to teach a young boy such words, —
 whose blood would n't chill in their veins
 To hear him, as I overheard him one day, a-talking
 of blowing out brains! *
 And did n't I quarrel with Sally the cook, and a
 precious scold I give her,
 "How dare you," says I, "for to stench the whole
 house by keeping that stinking liver?"
 'T was enough to breed a fever, it was! they smelt
 it next door at the Bagots';
 But it was n't breeding no fever, — not it! 't was
 my son was a-breeding of maggots!
 I declare that I could n't touch meat for a week,
 for it all seemed tainting and going,
 And after turning my stomach so, they turned to
 blue-flies, all buzzing and blowing.
 Boys are nasty enough, goodness knows, of them-
 selves,
 Without putting live things in their craniums;
 Well, what next? but he pots a whole cargo of
 worms along with my choice geraniums.
 And another fine trick, though it was n't found out,
 till the housemaid had given us warning,
 He fished at the golden fish in the bowl, before we
 were up and down in the morning.
 I'm sure it was lucky for Ellen, poor thing, that
 she 'd got so attentive a lover,

* Chewing and spitting out (bullock's) brains into the
 water for ground-bait is called *blowing of brains*. — *SALTER'S*
 "Angler's Guide."

As bring her fresh fish when the others deceased,
which they did a dozen times over !
Then a whole new loaf was short ! for I know, of
course, when our bread goes faster, —
And I made a stir, with the bill in my hand, and
the man was sent off by his master.
But, O dear, I thought I should sink through the
earth, with the weight of my own reproaches ;
For my own pretty son had made away with the
loaf, to make pastry to feed the roaches !
I vow I've suffered a martyrdom — with all sorts
of frights and terrors surrounded !
For I never saw him go out of the doors but I
thought he'd come home to me drowned.
And, sure enough, I set out one fine Monday to
visit my married daughter,
And there he was standing at Sadler's Wells,
a-performing with real water.
It's well he was off on the further side, for I'd
have brained him else with my patten,
For I thought he was safe at school, the young
wretch ! a-studying Greek and Latin.
And my ridicule basket he'd got on his back, to
carry his fishes and gentles ;
With a belt I knew he'd made from the belt of
his father's regimentals.
Well, I poked his rods and lines in the fire, and
his father gave him a birching,
But he'd gone too far to be easy cured of his love
for chubbing and perching.

One night he never came home to tea, and although
 it was dark and dripping,
 His father set off to Wapping, poor man! for the
 boy had a turn for shipping;
 As for me, I set up, and I sobbed and I cried for
 all the world like a babby,
 Till at twelve o'clock he rewards my fears with
 two gudgings from Waltham Abbey!
 And a pretty sore throat and fever he caught, that
 brought me a fortnight's hard nussing,
 Till I thought I should go to my gray-haired grave,
 worn out with the fretting and fussing;
 But at last he was cured, and we did have hopes
 that the fishing was cured as well,
 But no such luck! not a week went by, before
 we'd another such spell.
 Though he never had got a penny to spend, for
 such was our strict intentions,
 Yet he was soon set up in tackle again, for all boys
 have such quick inventions:
 And I lost my Lady's own Pocket Book, in spite of
 all my hunting and poking,
 Till I found it chuck-full of tackles and hooks, and
 besides it had had a good soaking.
 Then one Friday morning, I gets a summoning
 note from a sort of law attorney,
 For the boy had been trespassing people's grounds
 while his father was gone on a journey,
 And I had to go and hush it all up by myself, in
 an office at Hatton Garden;

And to pay for the damage he'd done, to boot, and
to beg some strange gentleman's pardon.
And was n't he once fished out himself, and a man
had to dive to find him?
And I saw him brought home with my motherly
eyes and a mob of people behind him?
Yes, it took a full hour to rub him to life — whilst
I was a-screaming and raving,
And a couple of guineas it cost us besides, to re-
ward the humane man for his saving.
And did n't Miss Crump leave us out of her will,
all along of her taking dudgeon
At her favorite cat being choked, poor puss, with a
hook sewed up in a gudgeon?
And old Brown complained that he plucked his
live fowls, and not without show of reason,
For the cocks looked naked about necks and tails,
and it was n't their moulting season;
And sure and surely, when we came to inquire,
there was cause for their screeching and
cackles,
For the mischief confessed he had picked them a
bit, for I think he called them the hackles.
A pretty tussle we had about that! but as if it
warn't picking enough,
When the winter comes on, to the muff-box I goes,
just to shake out my sable muff, —
"O mercy!" thinks I, "there's the moth in the
house!" for the fur was all gone in patches;
And then at Ellen's chinchilly I look, and its state
of destruction just matches, —

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But it was n't no moth, Mr. Walton, but flies —
 sham flies to go trolling and trouting ;
For his father's great coat was all safe and sound,
 and that first set me a-doubting.
A plague, say I, on all rods and lines, and on
 young or old watery dangles !
And after all that you 'll talk of such stuff as no
 harm in the world about anglers !
And when all is done, all our worry and fuss, why,
 we 've never had nothing worth dishing ;
So you see, Mr. Walton, no good comes at last of
 your famous book about fishing.
As for Robert's, I burnt it a twelvemonth ago ; but
 it turned up too late to be lucky,
For he 'd got it by heart, as I found to the cost of
 Your servant,
JANE ELIZABETH STUCKEY.

"NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW."

A NEW VERSION.

IN his bed, bolt upright,
In the dead of the night,
The French Emperor starts like a ghost !
By a dream held in charm,
He uplifts his right arm,
For he dreams of reviewing his host.

To the stable he glides,
For the charger he rides ;
And he mounts him, still under the spell ;
Then with echoing tramp,
They proceed through the camp,
All intent on a task he loves well.

Such a sight soon alarms,
And the guards present arms,
As he glides to the posts that they keep ;
Then he gives the brief word,
And the bugle is heard,
Like a hound giving tongue in its sleep.

Next the drums they arouse,
But with dull row-de-dows,
And they give but a somnolent sound ;
While the foot and horse, both,
Very slowly and loth,
Begin drowsily mustering round.

To the right and left hand,
They fall in, by command,
In a line that might be better dressed ;
While the steeds blink and nod,
And the lancers think odd
To be roused like the spears from their rest.

With their mouth of wide shape,
Mortars seem all agape,

Heavy guns look more heavy with sleep ;
 And, whatever their bore,
 Seem to think it one more
 In the night such a field-day to keep.

Then the arms, christened small,
 Fire no volley at all,
 But go off, like the rest, in a doze ;
 And the eagles, poor things,
 Tuck their heads 'neath their wings,
 And the band ends in tunes through the nose.

Till each pupil of Mars
 Takes a wink like the stars, —
 Open order no eye can obey :
 If the plumes in their heads
 Were the feathers of beds,
 Never top could be sounder than they !

So, just wishing good night,
 Bows Napoleon polite ;
 But instead of a loyal endeavor
 To reply with a cheer,
 Not a sound met his ear,
 Though each face seemed to say, "*Nap* forever !"

STANZAS.

Is there a bitter pang for love removed,
O God! The dead love doth not cost more tears
Than the alive, the loving, the beloved, —
Not yet, not yet beyond all hopes and fears!
Would I were laid
Under the shade
Of the calm grave, and the long grass of years,

That love might die with sorrow! — I am sorrow!
And she, that loves me tenderest, doth press
Most poison from my cruel lips, and borrow
Only new anguish from the old caress;
O, this world's grief
Hath no relief,
In being wrung from a great happiness.

Would I had never filled thine eyes with love,
For love is only tears; would I had never
Breathed such a curse-like blessing as we prove.
Now, if "Farewell" *could* bless thee, I would
sever!
Would I were laid
Under the shade
Of the cold tomb, and the long grass forever!



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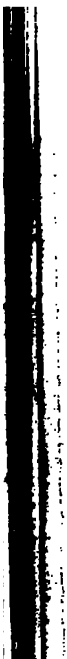
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